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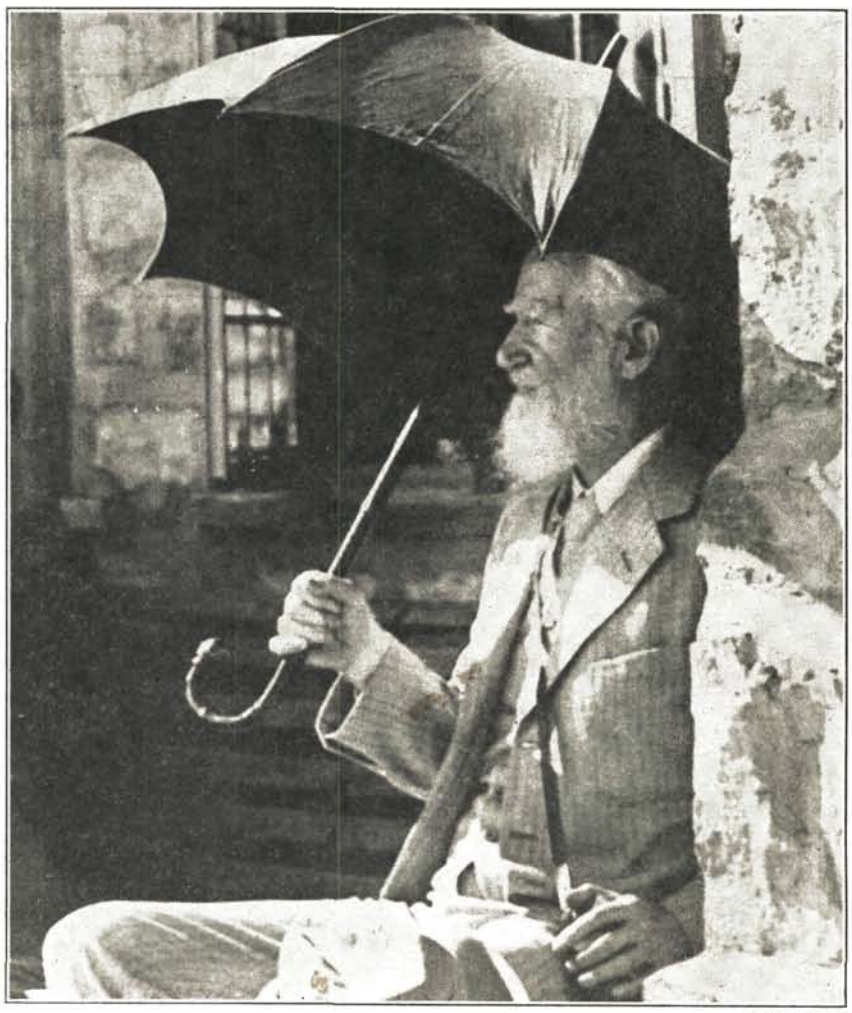

Wide World

BERNARD SHAW

"Shaw implies that the great man is one who does exactly what he wants . . . Caesar did what he wanted and so did Dillinger. Let Nature rip, and your great men are likely to be Goerings or Huey Longs". . .

(See page 4)

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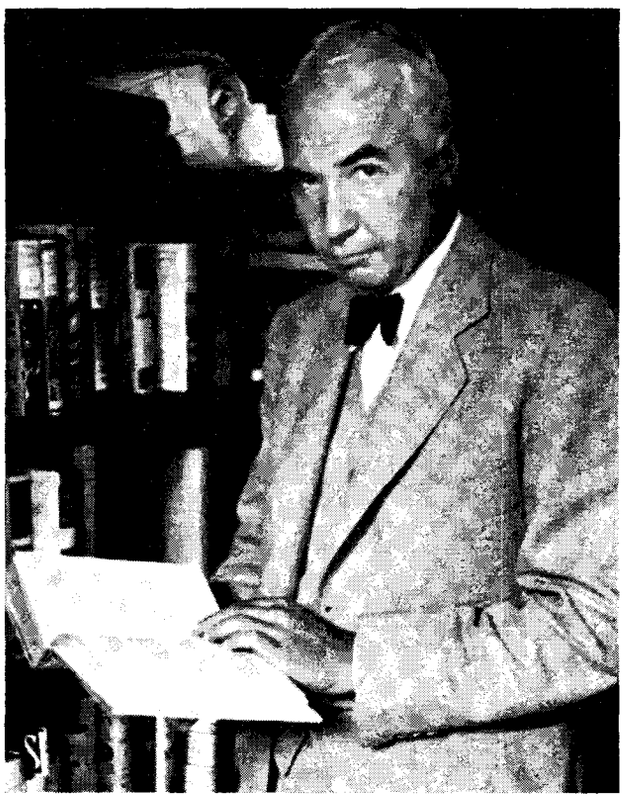
Shaw and the Inner Light

BY ELMER DAVIS

THE issuance of an omnibus* containing most of the best of Shaw (whatever omissions individual readers may regret) in a good, legible type face is a rather startling reminder that a living author has become a classic of the past. As the Byzantines selected a few plays which in their perhaps fallible opinion were the best of Aeschylus and Sophocles, and those plays are all we know of Aeschylus and Sophocles today, so it is not wholly impossible that some day this selection might be all that is known of Shaw. Inevitably, then, the reader of plays and prefaces written between 1894 and 1924 finds himself wondering what it all amounts to in 1935 and after.



Disraeli

ELMER DAVIS

An attempt, however diffident, at a retrospective estimate of Shaw cannot be undertaken without filial piety by a member of the generation which in all English-speaking countries was formed chiefly by Shaw and Wells; nor indeed without a more disquieting emotion. We, the generation whose members are still uncomfortably surprised when young men address them as Sir, were the first-fruits of them that slept, the first graduating class of the School of the Prophets; the first rude models, so far as education could form us, of the Samurai, the Supermen, the new race which was to clean up the rubbish left around by a still too anthropoid humanity. And as the world of 1935 is on the whole a worse place, and perceptibly nearer the abyss, than the world of 1894, it might seem a logical conclusion that something was fatally wrong, either with us or with our teachers.

It was not so in 1913, and for what has happened since 1913 we sons of the prophets are not greatly responsible. We did not make the war, nor are we the people who will make the next one; Shaw has been popular in Germany, but not with the military caste; and the people whom he influenced in Japan do not govern Japan. In England the Shaw-Wells influence was strongest and the generation that came to maturity about 1913 was most promising; but half the men of that generation are dead, and the rest live only under reprieve. England could be governed, indeed wholly populated, by Shavians, and still be in danger of destruction in a Continental war begun by men to whom Shaw, if they had heard of him at all, was only a misunderstood prophet of the Superman. Granted that the seed sown by the prophets sometimes produced a surprising crop, it was in the main good seed; the trouble was that too often it fell on stony ground. There are not yet enough of the children of light to dominate the policy of any great power, let alone of the world; nor are there likely to be before the next war sets back the clock. But that is no fault of the prophets.

Rereading this volume of Shaw after Wells's autobiography, I cannot see that they made any major mistake except underestimating the magnitude of the task that must be done before pre-history will have ended and history can begin. It grew while they were attempting it; the food of the gods produced giant rats, full-grown, before it brought any supermen to maturity; man's best achievements kept turning against him. Preventive medicine and humanitarian sentiment preserve millions whom hard-boiled Nature would sentence to an early death, salutary to the race; while the Wright brothers' triumph over Nature threatens to lead to the killing of millions who ought to live. Shaw and especially Wells foresaw a good deal of this, foresaw too what ought to be done; but their insight (like all other insight, to date) stopped short of devising the means of doing it.

Wells used to hope that some catastrophe might shock mankind into repentance; but we have had two catastrophes and those who flee from the City of Destruction are still few, nor are they agreed as to their destination. Shaw pooh-poohs the individual conversions of Salvationist Christianity; yet apparently he once hoped for a sort of mass conversion—that is, a great number of simultaneous individual conversions — under the pressure of common sense. We still wait for that glorious day; but the man who preached so powerfully against uprooting the wheat with the tares in heathen lands must realize that even in England a violent uprooting might do more harm than good. Once Shaw thought that abolition of property would be a cure-all; but more fundamental even than communism in his creed is insistence on the freedom of the spirit. Russia of today may be more to his taste than England of the nineties, but one need not ask what would happen to a contemporary Russian who wrote about the society he lives in as Shaw wrote about the society he lived in

(*Continued on next page*)

* *NINE PLAYS. Mrs. Warren's Profession: Arms and the Man: Candida: The Devil's Disciple: Caesar and Cleopatra: Man and Superman: Fanny's First Play: Androcles and the Lion: Saint Joan. With Prefaces and Notes. By Bernard Shaw. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.* 1935. $3.50.

Next Week

ONE FRIGHTENED AUTHOR
By E. ARNOT ROBERTSON

THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION (Vol. I)
By WILL DURANT
Reviewed by James H. Breasted

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forty years ago. Communism, like patriotism, is not enough.

Wells once saw in Lenin's Communist Party the nearest approach to the "competent receiver" for a bankrupt world—a disciplined company purged of all selfish appetites but the lust for power and the pride of omniscience. These are considerable exceptions; a body with the same virtues and the same faults had been in existence for three hundred years before Lenin, and the Society of Jesus has not perceptibly improved the world except in the eyes of those who accept its premises. So in the Communists of 1934 Wells found a "trained obduracy to facts" that drove him to something as near despair as he can feel. Shaw came late to the quest for the competent receiver; in the preface to "Saint Joan" he dreamed of a Catholic Church catholic enough to include Protestants and heretics, a Church which would "inculcate and encourage free-thinking with a complete belief that thought, when really free, must by its own law take the path that leads to the Church's bosom." An engaging idea; but it involves a logical contradiction that was apparent to the Church a thousand years before Shaw was born; consequently there has never been such a Catholic Church, nor is it ever likely, even if you rename it the Communist Party. You cannot combine dogma and evolution.

If in these matters the prophets went astray, nobody else has found the road they missed; and if more people are looking for it now than were looking for it forty years ago, the credit is largely due to Shaw and Wells. For all the differences between them (the chief one is Shaw's distrust of science) the substance of their messages is identical. We must be about our Father's business, without letting ourselves be hampered by trivialities; that business is the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth; we must be born again before we can enter into the kingdom, but we shall know the truth and the truth shall make us free. Not a novel message; but that may only mean that certain truths are apparent to every mind which reaches a sufficient stature. Unfortunately when truth frees the sort of human beings we have at present, the result is not always what the prophets hoped. Socrates, it has been observed, set men free and the immediate results were Alcibiades and Critias; no wonder their fellow-citizens put their teacher to death. Give Shaw credit for realizing that the truth can be rightly used only by supermen, whom he would produce by education and eugenics.

Nobody can refute the eugenic side of his argument, for it has not seriously been tried. But Shaw's theory of education has been accurately summarized by Wells—"to let dear old Nature rip." This rests on the postulate that Nature is at bottom benevolent, as the Modernist clergy put it—or perhaps rather than at bottom, at the top. Man is part of Nature and the Life Force, pushing ever onward and upward, reaches its peak in Man's steadily improving best intention. But we are no longer so sure as we were thirty years ago that Nature (or God, if you prefer) regards Man as its highest product; nor are we so confident in the native goodness of Man. Goodness has to be thought out and worked for, against intra-human as well as extra-human obstacles. In the notes on "Caesar and Cleopatra" Shaw implies that the great man is one who does exactly what he wants; but that depends on what he wants. Caesar did what he wanted and so did Dillinger. Let Nature rip, and your supermen are likely to be Goerings or Huey Longs.

Even Shaw's triumphs have not always turned out as he hoped. There was no institution which he assailed more violently and assiduously than the Home. On the whole the Victorian home (though it had its merits, in its day) deserved his reproaches; and eventually before his trumpet blasts its walls came tumbling down. In Russia it collapsed most completely; and now the Russians seem to be discovering that if the Home does not exist, it is necessary to invent it. They have had a very Shavian marriage system—admirable in theory, calculated to preserve the freedom and self-respect of husband and wife; but unfortunately it turned out to be bad for the children, besides encouraging irresponsible libertines. The Shavian system had made no provision for irresponsible libertines; but once the food of the gods was on the market, anybody could grow fat on it.

Shaw contributed as much as any one man to the economic and political liberation of women, again with unforeseen consequences. He never knew much about women except in their epicene aspects; in "Man and Superman" he mistook accidental and temporary fruits of nineteenth-century English culture for the essential nature of the Eternal Feminine. Whether there is any such eternal and essential nature, God only knows; but at any rate women have not used the vote to impose a tax on bachelors, and if Mrs. Warren's profession is no longer so flourishing, one reason is that there is so much amateur competition. Shaw might reply that the economic liberation is still incomplete; a woman who works every day to support herself cannot afford children. And it is true that women rich enough to have their doings chronicled on the society pages are much given to bearing children to successive husbands, as Shaw predicted; though the selection is not always as eugenic as he would have it. At any rate, economic and intellectual liberation has not yet got rid of irrational emotion; a woman may have the strongest theoretical objections to property rights in love, she may not need her man as a breadwinner, and still she can be miserable when she loses him. Shaw has seen what sexual emotion can do to people, but his writings about it suggest a learned treatise on alcoholism by a man who never was drunk. (Yes, even the letters to Ellen Terry; their violent protestations are pretty obviously the big talk of a man who knows what he ought to say and is confident that his bluff will never be called.)

These might seem considerable blemishes on a major prophet, but there is more than enough to offset them. If you believe at all in the long-term value of liberty, in the right to search for truth, you must honor a man who has done as

(*Continued on page* 16)

In Memory of Matthew Arnold

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

"DEARLY beloved brethren, I beg of you,"
(As Cromwell once said,)
"To believe it possible that you may be mistaken."
And through this twilight, this darkening night
Of ignorance and cruelty,
Reject not the hope of a Light.
Let us secretly preserve the Holy Embers
Until the hour comes when those who were always our enemies
And who have never believed in kindness or beauty
Shall have exhausted each other in futile battles.
They can defeat each other:
But we cannot ever be defeated.

We are slippery, like fish or a drop of water
Or a bit of manure or an angel.
We are humble, we are proud, we are evasive and dangerous.
And when the wicked men of the earth have at last settled their battles
We shall be there on the wrecked battle-field
Offering them cups of water which we have treasured for them.

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Inflammable Films

EYES ON THE WORLD. A Photographic Record of History in the Making. Edited by M. Lincoln Schuster. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1935. $3.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES MCD. PUCKETTE

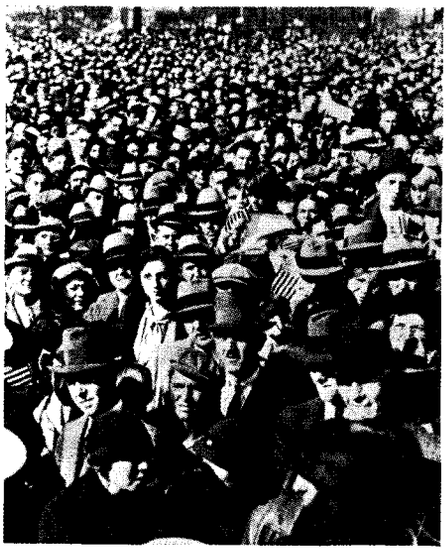
CHARLES A. DANA, in his "The Art of Newspaper Making," remarked that the journals of his day were using an increasing number of photographs but that this was a development which would soon pass. He added that he was sure that he was right in his prophecy because Whitelaw Reid agreed with him. Neither of these editors would wish their claim to fame to rest upon this shrewd prediction. The energy with which the photographic news of the world is collected today rivals, if it does not exceed, that of the reporters of the written news. A photographer must be made of tough fibre; Mr. Schuster quotes one as saying "If a man's on fire, I'll photograph him before I throw water on him." The reporter's code would be to throw the water, then write the story.

Mr. Schuster has assembled nearly 300 pages of photographs of a world on fire. This volume is more than a mere collection of pictures, however. It illustrates, more successfully than any other volume before it has done, the new art of the editing of photographs. The newspaper, if it fulfills its function, records the news of the day, whatever it may be, impartially, fully, and objectively; the historian and the sociologist reduce this rich source material later to plan and pattern. The news photographs of the day come in just as spontaneously, and planlessly. But the historian who tells the story of mankind with pictures can, by significant grouping and contrast, make his points more vividly and swiftly than can the wielder of the pen. Mr. Schuster shows us how. Picture journalism, as practised by some tabloids, has been used as a term of disparagement. The present volume would interest, if it did not convince, even Mr. Dana and Mr. Reid.

Mr. Schuster set out on his undertaking with brave purpose, to produce "an integrated book, structurally designed to be an aid and supplement to history." He sailed on "an editing and publishing adventure which inevitably involved the formation of a somewhat unconventional and unperfected method of chronicling current history." He sought a "dynamic arrangement" of his source material, of which he attempted to put before the reader not only the happenings of the day, but, by selection, the sub-surface forces making the world. With these aims in mind Mr. Schuster undertook to edit this record of events in 1934 and up to May 1935.

Mr. Schuster rightly pays tribute to the new art and science of photography. But it is impossible to agree with his general statement that "for one thing, the camera will not lie, and cannot flatter or defame." No more misleading agency of propaganda can be found than the news picture, as the world has come to know. "In the right hands an artist's lens is an instrument of truth," as Mr. Schuster remarks; but a propagandist for fascism, capitalism, or communism could take the same material from which this volume was made and produce a book as untruthful as one written by a paid agent. After all, a camera's lens sees only one way.

Mr. Schuster makes use of the photomontage on the majority of his pages. Sometimes the impression is confusing. He chooses one or more striking pictures and blends them into a composition, more often than not employing newspaper headlines as a part of the page—an effective technique. And what a news pictorial he produces by his "dynamic arrangement"! The first grouping is of the front pages of 1934 and 1935—violence in strikes, a selection of covers of books on the class struggle and civilization, on one page the hammer and scythe of "Thunder on the Left" and on the opposite the swastika of "Turn to the Right"; then Smedley Butler, Mosley, large and small fry dictators, the dispossessed from their homes, new armies.



Acme

HOPEFUL BEWILDERED NEW DEAL AMERICA

The world can take small satisfaction from this book. On no page, if memory serves after going through its challenging pictures three times, is there any hint that man anywhere has found a moment or a place of peace and contentment—hardly even of hope.

The New Deal, its promises and performances, fill the second grouping of photographs and headlines. Occasionally the camera turns from depicting men to make a record of a chart—not a dramatic picture, but a story swiftly told. The editor is an excellent stage manager.

The third news photographic review is of the race between recovery and inflation. This is not so successful. The subject is difficult enough to explain in many words, as we know from the economists. Pictures are not more convincing. And the photograph of a safe-deposit room and the caption "Capital on Strike—Generous to a Vault" are a letdown in an otherwise stimulating adventure.

More ambitious and extensive is the fourth grouping, "The Race Between Intelligence and Catastrophe"—with no odds on intelligence. Here is real source material for thought. The camera's eye turns on Europe and Asia and finds turmoil and surging forces in peoples, warring against dictatorships. The visualization of Russia and the Far East is espe-

HEWERS OF WOOD IN SOVIET RUSSIA

Photographs on this page from "Eyes on the World."

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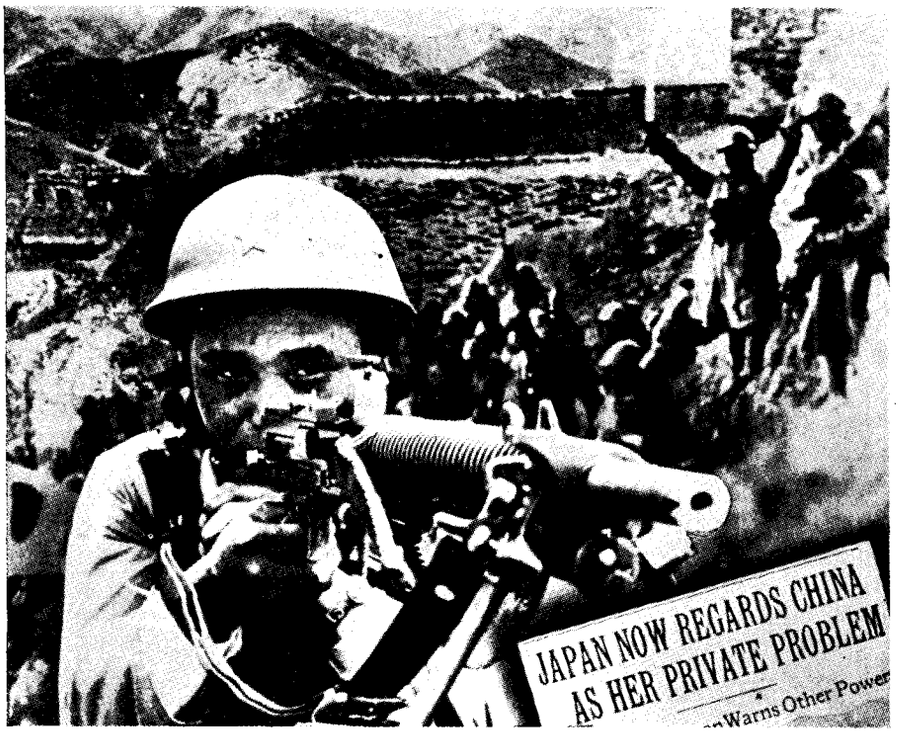
cially well done; it is evidence of the new art of the photographer and the editor of pictures.

Perhaps the least successful group is the fifth, "People on parade; personalities behind the news," to which, however, only ten pages are given. It is a rather too gloomy view of the written part of newspapers to portray, as the only gentlemen of the press (in the following order) Arthur Brisbane, Heywood Broun, Will Rogers, F.P.A., Walter Winchell, and Walter Lippmann. Things are really better than that. The page opposite, incidentally, is given over to the Dionnes, Hauptmann, and the corpse of Dillinger.

More tellingly done are "Main Currents of Our Time" in which Mr. Schuster ranges over science, art, men of letters, and a dozen fields of interest. Here is a real test of selection. Perhaps sports might well have come in for a more generous representation than a single page, if the test of proportion is the space given in the daily newspaper. But the "shots" in this and in the final section, "Man, Proud Man," of burlesque and beauty shop, of situations wanted advertisements and the feet of those hunting jobs, of irreverent youth, provide a stimulating panorama, done with imagination.

It is possible that the total impression of these split-second camera records is too dynamic. Undeniably, however, Mr. Schuster presents a visualization of 1934 and 1935 which, when seen in days to come, will enable us to recapture in a few moments the events of a crowded year. The historian of these times will pay more than passing attention to this book.

Charles McD. Puckette, former managing editor of the New York Evening Post, *has for the last ten years been on the executive staff of the* New York Times.



JAPAN MARCHES ON. *From "Eyes on the World."*

Forty Centuries of Prose

AN ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD PROSE. Edited by Carl Van Doren. With Translations by William Caxton, John Dryden, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Walter Pater, Sir Richard F. Burton, Andrew Lang, Havelock Ellis, Thorstein Veblen, Arthur Waley, D. H. Lawrence, Pearl S. Buck, and many others. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by L. R. E. Paulin

THE editor of an anthology so comprehensive as that compiled by Carl Van Doren is of necessity an explorer of limitless regions. He is not venturing into trackless wastes; he is not mapping uncharted lands; but in the very extent and richness of the territories to be traversed he must constantly encounter unforeseen obstacles calculated to halt his progress or turn him from his appointed path.

A complete and inclusive collection of prose writings in any one tongue is a formidable task to undertake. An anthology that embraces many literatures, that requires the weighing of the merits of the prose writers of forty centuries, from the days of the Flood to the days of the Depression, in scope, if not in compass, approaches that of an encyclopedia. The problem becomes one of embarrassing excess, of what to omit even more than what to retain. For the editor must feel the need of justifying his own decisions, when it comes to balancing the claims of this and that author to special recognition.

Following definite rules laid down for his own guidance, Mr. Van Doren has given place to short pieces rather than to excerpts from longer works; in literature not native to English his choice has been made only among those naturalized by translation, and then less by the renown of the originals than by the merits of the translations. To leave out of account this self-imposed policy might lead to misplaced criticism by calling into question his judgment in particular instances. No doubt, he was the first to feel that, in return for compensations, his plan imposed on him certain penalties.

CARL VAN DOREN

This is a truly monumental work, so broad in plan, so compact in form, as rightly to call forth the gratitude equally of serious students and of that uncountable public which avoids reading what is not easily accessible. It reduces entire libraries to the handy dimensions of a single volume. There have been no end of compendiums, repositories, and what not, in one language and another, that deal with detached areas of literature, by nations, by epochs, by equally arbitrary divisions. Here is a survey of mankind from China to Peru, from early Sanscrit and Chinese to the most up-to-date German, French, English, and American authors, if only readable English versions of foreign writers were to be had. One may return to it day after day to renew acquaintance with old favorites, to delight in new discoveries, and, if in a critical mood, to compare notes, and to agree with or to dissent from the editor's judgment in admitting or rejecting certain authors or certain of their works. In any case, it should be a strong stimulant, like other well-balanced anthologies, to wider reading. Through Palgrave's early "Golden Treasury" volumes how many unsuspecting beginners were led to adventure in fields of which they were never to tire?

In the nature of things an anthology is

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a challenge by the editor to his readers. If he wished it, he could not escape stirring, now here, now there, some to debate his system of discrimination among individual writers. He has prepared in advance an altogether reasonable defence, and it stands solid and impregnable. Yet, why no mention of Lessing or Schiller among the Germans? Or of Victor Hugo, Georges Sand, Daudet, for example, among the French, or to name them at random, of Diderot, Rivarol, Mirabeau, Chateaubriand, Cuvier, Fabre? Why a very dull life of the poet Gray by Samuel Johnson, and not a word of Hobbes, Burton, Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Macaulay, Kipling, Conrad? Why no Polish, no Portuguese writer? Why nothing of Prescott, Motley, Parkman, to go no further? Having accomplished so much, must Mr. Van Doren be drafted for the preparation of a second volume to match his first in learning and quality?

L. R. E. Paulin was one of the editors of the New York World *until its extinction in* 1932.

Our Pacific Policy

THE FUTURE OF SEA POWER IN THE PACIFIC. By Walter Millis. World Peace Foundation. 1935. 50 *cents.*

THIS brief discussion of sea power in the Pacific comprises an illuminating analysis of Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan's theory of the role of sea power, which was predicated upon command of the sea not only in time of war but in time of peace, and a discussion of the alternatives now facing the United States in determining its Pacific policy. No attempt is made to give a final answer to the question of what our future course should be. Mr. Millis is apparently of the opinion that a series of temporary expedients and adjustments, rather than the adoption of any definite policy, will be the outcome of present uncertainties, and he does not hesitate to point out that actual war may be among these expedients. This possibility is not, however, given the unwarranted emphasis so popular among writers on the Pacific.

It is easy to criticize this little book on certain obvious grounds: little attention is given to background of American policy in the Pacific — and that of Japanese policy—which is responsible for the existing naval rivalry between the United States and Japan; the importance of Captain Mahan's theories seems unduly stressed; the treatment of the alternatives now before us disregards various important factors in the situation. In the opinion of the reviewer, navalism is more an instrument of political policy than Mr. Millis suggests.

These are complicated and debatable questions, however, and limitations of space quite naturally forestalled the fuller discussion the author would undoubtedly have otherwise given them.

Mr. Lewis and the Primitive American

SELECTED SHORT STORIES OF SINCLAIR LEWIS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

WHILE the Marxist critics seek whom they may devour and the proletarian novelists compass us about with gall and travail, Mr. Sinclair Lewis continues to stalk what may be called the Primitive American of the Pre-Alphabet Era. He is not at ease in the Roosevelt Zion. "I wonder," he says apologetically in the introduction, "if this American optimism, this hope and courage, so submerged now in 1935, are not authentic parts of American life." Somewhere in Elysium the shade of William Dean Howells is hopefully cutting an extra branch of laurel and picking out a comfortable stretch of grass for Mr. Lewis to repose on. Mr. Howells, it will be remembered, thought that the more smiling aspects of life are the more American.

Robert H. Davis
SINCLAIR LEWIS

The twelve stories in this collection were originally published between 1917 and 1931. Mr. Lewis now thinks that the earlier ones "belong to an era distant now and strange as the days of Queen Victoria." The earlier ones may be described as O. Henry with trimmings. In "The Kidnapped Memorial" a Confederate veteran kidnaps a G. A. R. Memorial Day parade for the benefit of a forgotten Unionist widow, and, being offered a Northerner's sword, buckles it on, crying: "This isn't a Northerner's sword any more, nor a Southerner's, ma'am. It's an American's! Forward! March!"

"The Cat of the Stars" is devoted to the proposition, beloved of O. Henry, that mighty contests rise from trivial things. "Go East, Young Man" proves that honest go-getter business activities are preferable to sham estheticism. "Things" develops an analogous theme. Mr. Lewis is right. These stories date.

The author himself prefers three later tales: "Lets' Play Kings," "The Willow Walk," and "A Letter from the Queen." They are more mature; yet the first is a variant of the boy story, this time with a Hollywood aura, the second is the sort of thing Irvin Cobb has often turned out, and the third, though able, is not striking. "The Willow Walk" is memorable because of a kind of grim precision in its structure. "A Letter from the Queen" might be more nearly memorable if it were not stuffed with various typical Lewis excrescences.

Even in his better work, it appears that Mr. Lewis is content with a simple and conventional technique. In what, then, does the interest of the volume lie? I should say that here, as in the novels, there is an infectious zest which carries the author triumphantly through rudimentary plots and facile characterization. Mr. Lewis is always amazingly alive. And this liveliness is coupled with a kind of queer jollity. Even when travesty seems to be verging on bitterness, the effect is as if he stuck his head around the side of the Punch-and-Judy box to remark: "Look here! Don't be frightened. It's all a part of the show, you know!" Like Thackeray, Mr. Lewis is incapable of hate. He shyly reveals from time to time a healthy longing for romance. Describing the researches of Dr. Selig in "A Letter from the Queen," Mr. Lewis writes:

"He had touched a world romantic and little known. Hidden in old documents . . . he found the story of Franklin, who in his mousy fur cap was the Don Juan of Paris, of Adams fighting the British Government to prevent their recognizing the Confederacy, of Benjamin Thompson, the Massachusetts Yankee who in 1791 was chief counselor of Bavaria, with the title of Count Rumford."

This is the E. Phillips Oppenheim interpretation of history, likable and boyish. As Mr. Lewis remarks, optimism, hope, and courage, "so submerged . . . in 1935" are, for him, authentic parts of American life. I should add to these, sentiment. Mr. Lewis satirizes sentimentality, but there is in him this honest vein of sentiment, a possession which puts him apart from most contemporary fiction. Amid the tortured souls who frequent our fiction just now, it is refreshing to have this belated but healthy objectivity, this telling of stories for the fun of it. In the long run it is just possible that Mr. Lewis may be wiser than the sophisticated.

Howard Mumford Jones is professor of English at the University of Michigan.

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The Saturday Review
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WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } Contributing
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Editors

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Vocational Training

THE growth in number of summer writers' conferences, many of them attached to colleges and universities, emphasizes the demand for some kind of vocational training on the part of people who want to write. And there are various methods by which partial attempts can be made to meet the demand. But there is no general method of training creative writers, as there is in other vocations, even in other arts. There is no royal road to literature.

A young composer, if he has the means, the motive, and the opportunity (those three indispensables of the Scotland Yard suspect) has a few years' work cut out for him. So has a young painter, sculptor, or architect. In their fields there is a definite technique to be learned. Serious musical composition is impossible to any one, however gifted, who has not gone through the experience of learning something about harmony, counterpoint, and theory. There are probably more painters than musicians who accomplish something without formal technical training, but even these are exceptional.

Technique in music and art is not only a matter of rules. Rules exist, and even obsolescent rules—like that which proscribes consecutive fifths in harmony—are useful to learn if only to know why they were once universally accepted. But the point of learning a technique is to provide the composer or artist with a means of developing his ideas. The grammar of music and art is less elementary than that of writing; the process of attaining form is much more esoteric than the unity, coherence, and emphasis of the English composition classroom.

The reason is that form is both more abstract and more complex in music and art than in literature. More so even than in those areas of literature, poetry and the drama, where technique is best defined. No one would maintain that the sonnet form is as complex as that of the fugue. Form in a work of art becomes more important as the intellectual content becomes less. The only things in absolute music that can be defined in musical terms are its abstractions, its technicalities, its form. Comparatively little writing, even in poetry, is entirely abstract.

Now if the purpose of mastering a technique is to acquire a capacity for form, it is natural that the more indefinite the form, the less technique there is to teach. And form becomes most indefinite in the most popular department of literature, that of prose fiction. Not that it does not exist; not that novelists have not always been interested in it; not that formal excellence in fiction has not in certain cases approached perfection—in "Madame Bovary," in "The Wings of the Dove," in "Ulysses." But these are all different forms, arrived at by different novelists in their own ways.

A good critic, or better still a good editor, can often take hold of a promising manuscript and make valuable suggestions. And a promising novelist can *learn*, in time, all he needs to know about technique for his own purposes. But there is no body of doctrine, constituting the technique of the novel, that can be *taught*, corresponding to harmony, counterpoint, drawing, or modeling. There is no royal road to literature.

There is compensation, however, for the novelists. The Topic-writer of the *New York Times* commented the other day upon the peculiar difficulties of the modern composer, who is a drug on the market because audiences would rather hear Beethoven and Brahms than any modern, unknown composition. The young artist is in a similar predicament. The situation of the promising novelist is, in comparison with these, much easier. Not only critics, but publishers and readers are on the lookout for him.

A Komsomol for America

The announcement that Soviet Russia has ordered a reorganization of the Komsomol — The League of Communist Youth—and that henceforth the five million young persons whose energies until now have been bent to the industrialization of their country are to become "the ideological carrier of the proletarian revolution" means that Russian youth is to concentrate on education but not, of course, that it is to be free to choose its own way of thinking. The great experiment is still going on and the most plastic material in the world being shaped in the workshop of communism. What is more, it has proved so successful that Germany and Italy have taken a lesson from Russia's example, and are regimenting youth in the way the State would have it develop. Even here in America the Federal Administration only last week took cognizance of youth as an entity in the provision it made for the relief of unemployment,—a first step perhaps toward the growth of a youth group which in this country has so far made only a weak attempt to band together.

Americans with their eyes upon Europe will look with uneasiness on any organization of youth by itself or by others that can make it the tool of individuals or factions. But surely, Americans with their eyes upon Europe, ought to realize that if ever the world is to attain its hope that war will vanish from the earth, it must be through training the sentiment of the young to that end. It is a good many years now since we began to rewrite our history books in an effort to take the emphasis off battle, and the youth that has grown up in the shadow of destruction has steadily heard resort to arms decried as a failure. But we have never yet tried to make youth itself fight the battle for peace. There, it seems to us, is a real goal for budding manhood and womanhood—the prevention of war, and in the Russian idea that the cohorts of youth are directly responsible for the ideology of its own maturing generation and that of younger children a noble challenge to militant pacific sentiment. Why, if the Komsomol can educate the adolescent mind to the purposes of the communist state, cannot our own youth which is just arriving at manhood, help to further the cause of international harmony by concerted effort? There is literature to its hand, both in the way of history to cast light on the problems to be attacked and of discussions of world conditions and the existent machinery for peace familiarity with which could well be considered a first step to action. If all our youth at the impressionable age could read a Tolstoy or a Norman Angell it might feel itself stirred to the mightiest crusade the world can offer. Traditionally youth must be served. And traditionally again, he is best served who serves himself.

Ten Years Ago

In the issue of July 4th, 1925, The Saturday Review recommended "My Diary 1915-1917" by Benito Mussolini as "*interesting and important because of its realism*," and because it showed the Fascist leader as "*a sort of Italian Roosevelt.*"

In the same issue The Saturday Review recommended "Beyond the Utmost Purple Rim," a book on Abyssinia by Alexander E. Powell, and pointed out that "*Abyssinia is a pivotal point of strategy for all northeastern Africa and is coveted by every nation in Europe, yet . . . not only remains undisturbed, but actually destroyed an Italian army of* 15,000 *men in* 1896."

Today

The Saturday Review recommends these new books:

AN ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD PROSE. Edited by Carl Van Doren. See review on page 6.

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES. By George Cronyn. See review on page 13.

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Letters to the Editor: *Between Our Shelves*

Readers are accepting our invitation of two weeks ago. Replies so far received list 176 separate titles of books recently enjoyed—many of them, of course, mentioned in more than one letter.

Space does not permit printing all the replies in full. The editors therefore select pertinent comments on books, regretfully omitting lists of titles on which no comment or merely descriptive comment was made. Further letters from Unknown Readers will be welcomed, and printed in this space from time to time. After another instalment or so there may be some interesting conclusions to be drawn.—The Editors.

Our Only Hope

SIR:—It was pleasant to hear you were interested in what the ordinary reader is liking. My June reading started with "Look Homeward, Angel" by Thomas Wolfe, because a Syracuse University professor said in a recent lecture that Mr. Wolfe was our only hope in contemporary writing as approaching greatness.

I had to disregard discouragements in trying to read "National Velvet." The nearest book rental library said "It's about horses so we are not entering it." A literary friend who likes only the pink roses and blue forget-me-nots in reading said "The Browns are a vulgar family, and Donald a disgusting child"; but I followed Christopher Morley's advice and bought the book. Thanks, Mr. Morley!

ADA MARIE HOSMER.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Romance à l'italienne

SIR:—I have recently discovered two remarkably well-written books by Warrene Piper: "Son of John Wintringham" (1930, Houghton Mifflin), and "The Sun" in His Own House" (1931). For unusual delicacy of character delineation it seems to me these stories are noteworthy. Has the author done anything else?

And the announcement of a new novel by Helen C. White, "Not Built with Hands," urges me to refer to the poignant beauty of her earlier book, "A Watch in the Night," which I have been reading a second time. Anyone who knows and loves Italy can but delight in it, and I am looking forward eagerly to her latest adventure into the centuries of Italian romance.

JOHN M. GILBERT.

Hartford, Conn.

Unsatisfactory Best-sellers

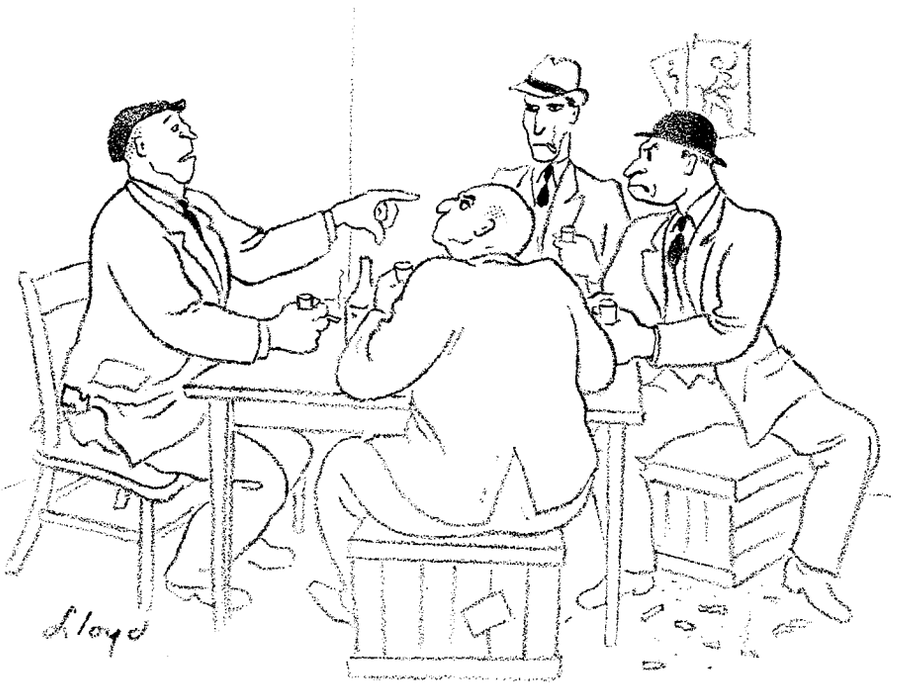
SIR:—As a rule I do not get much satisfaction out of "best-sellers." For example, "Anthony Adverse" and "The Good Earth" were so nauseatingly loathsome I could not finish them, while in the case of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and "Heaven's My Destination" I was reminded of what George Ade said about a vegetarian dinner—"after it was over you felt as if nothing had happened."

I have enjoyed Burton Rascoe's "Titans" and "Prometheans" and all of Mark Sullivan's stories of our times. I liked James Truslow Adams's books until his latest one; the English in that is so much of it sloppy, and where it is not, the sentences are so inverted that they seem more like translations from the German than original English.

E. H. Young is another disappointment. Her "William" and "Miss Mole" were delightful but "Jenny Wren" and the "Curate's Wife" dull books about unpleasant people.

FLORA S. HAZARD.

New York City.



"OH YEAH? WELL, TELL ME WHERE Y' GONNA FIND A FENCE FOR A GLUTENBOIG BIBLE!"

Plea for the Unknown

SIR:—Among the new books, the ones that I enjoyed most, and intend to reread at a later date, are as follows: "Fully Dressed and In His Right Mind" (read it at a sitting and hardly dared go into the house afterwards for fear I'd find the little old man, just sitting); "National Velvet," "Roll, River," "Paths of Glory" (practically made me ill, but is marvellous), "Eligible Bachelor" (have never had enough of Humphrey Pakington), "Demon in the House" (good old Donc is my favorite character in modern fiction, at present) and "Wild Strawberries."

Quite forgot to mention Freeman's "R. E. Lee" which will probably be mentioned by everyone since everyone who has read it must be completely enthralled. And along with it Kantor's "Long Remember" and Mrs. Roger Pryor's book of her diary during the Civil War which was published in the early 1900's.

And John Clayton's "Dew in April" which is beautifully written and extremely exciting and which I hate to see mentioned in connection with "Anthony Adverse," which I found a great bore (as far as I read, which was well over half of it).

I shall look forward with great interest to the letters you publish from your readers. Hope you will have space to print a great many as it seems to me that the Unknown Readers' opinions will be most interesting.

MARION G. THURSTON.

In Re Rereading

SIR:—Probably as a reviewer of sorts my reading doesn't count. But I have been rereading Forrest Reid's "Spring Song" and "Pirates of the Spring"; Edwin Meade Robinson's "Enter Jerry" (as good a picture of American kids as the first two are of an English group); Henry Handel Richardson's "Maurice Guest" still the supreme musical novel; Miriam Michelson's "In the Bishop's Carriage"; Henry Wallace Phillips's "Red Saunders's Pets and Other Critters"; Elmer Davis's "The Keys of the City"; and Zona Gale's "Birth."

EARLE WALBRIDGE.

New York City.

Just Likes to Read

SIR:—"National Velvet" was fine. I shall always remember Donald swinging his bottle and the death of the canary. At the public library I read an early edition of Mungo Park's "Journey into Africa." It sounded like propaganda to me but interesting and showed almost incredible courage. Another afternoon there I read "The Red Badge of Courage" which disappointed me. And the U. S. Constitution which was far more exciting. (As I emerged headlines announced the Supreme Court's decision on the N. R. A. I was a fountain of information at the

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Letters to the Editor: *Further Reports from the Unknown Reader*

dinner table.) "Delay in the Sun" and "Siesta" were two agreeable timekillers. "Personal History" gave me more current history and connected up more things in my mind than has anything else of late. It seemed such a *fair* summation. Nancy Hoyt's portrait of her sister caused me to read Elinor Wylie's collected poems for the third time: their meaning being, thereby, somewhat underlined. I reread Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey" but must report that "Heaven's My Destination" left me "cold"—in fact I only read a few chapters. Faulkner's "Pylon" fared no better. "Of Time and the River" kept me up several nights far too late. And I am eager for more. "Roll, River" almost made me cry. James Boyd seems to be writing of such a lovely, secure, vanished era.

And for the greatest thrill of my life (and very recent) Kipling's "Captains Courageous" (oh, the excitement of that continental trip, by the parents, with a clear track ahead!). Well—I guess I just like to read.

And may I add that in all the five years that I have read the *Review* I've never been given a "bum steer"?

MARIANNE VAN RENSSELAER.

New York City.

Chance for a Millionaire

SIR:—In April I read Lockhart's "British Agent." It was the first account of the Russian Revolution that I had read, and it stimulated further reading on the subject, so my reading for the past few months has been "heavily Russian."

Of the books on Russia that I read only the following would be of interest to the general reader:

"From Double Eagle to Red Flag," by General P. N. Krassnoff. A long, interesting novel that covers much territory, many personalities, and the time from the coronation of the late Emperor and Empress to the defeat of the White Army.

"Quiet Street," by Michael Ossorgin. I first read this book several years ago and reread it within the past month. It is not melodramatic and it is lovely. The quiet street's "professor of birds," his lovely granddaughter, and his household see many changes during the tragic days of the Russian Revolution but in the book there's a spirit of reality, of suffering that is more potent because its description is quiet.

"I Speak for the Silent," by Vladimir O. Tchernavin. A personal account by a Russian who didn't belong to the Bolsheviks. Sad and moving and a good presentation of his case. This is a vivid account of the underdog's side of the story in the revolution. To me it seemed sincere and true.

"I Change Worlds," by Anne Louise Strong. I didn't particularly care for this book. Some of it is very interesting but for some reason or other all the time I was reading "I Change Worlds" the image of an old school acquaintance intruded upon my thoughts. This school acquaintance was the type that proved a darn nuisance because of her eternal "crushes" on various "profs" and her moody flights from effervescent joy to black despair.

I've also enjoyed the following books which are *not* on Russia.

"National Velvet," by Enid Bagnold. This is pure delight. I wish there were more books like this one. It's going to be worn out with rereading.

"Paths of Glory"—Humphrey Cobb. Best world war novel I've read. I could easily see a millionaire with common sense, fair play sense, and humane sense, buying 10,000 or 100,000 copies and distributing them among Congressmen, teachers, and parents. Maybe there would be less talk about war then—maybe not.

"Road to War"—Walter Millis. Very much of an eye-opener. But packing so much dynamite it somehow fell a little short of the looked-for explosion.

ANNA O. THOMAS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Soggy Fruit Cake

SIR:—I've been rereading. First of all, "A Scholar's Letters to a Young Lady," by Francis James Child. This book I reread about every summer—when the roses bloom. The cultivation of his roses was almost a sacred rite to Mr. Child. These letters, quaint and whimsical and of playful humor, were written many years ago to a young lady Mr. Child had known since her early girlhood. Hers were "little notes in gray" that always promised something new and entertaining for him.

—Second: "The Journal of Katherine Mansfield," that poignant record of her longings for health so that she could live life to the full—and write. How she longed to write! And the conviction that was borne in upon her that her bodily health depended upon her spiritual condition, how, finally, in carrying out this principle, she "lost her life to save it."

—Third: "All Trivia," by Logan Pearsall Smith, "pieces of prose written by a Carnivorous Mammal." I liked "Above the Clouds," "The Coming of Fate," "Charm," etc.

Strange, perhaps, but I have little of fiction to report. However, I have just begun "Young Joseph" by Thomas Mann. (Have his "Joseph and His Brothers," also "The Magic Mountain"—matchless prose). Somehow, or rather, so much of the recent fiction, barring "Now in November," which I read last November, seems too ponderous to tempt me, somewhat like a heavy, soggy fruit cake, which, in the mixing, the housewife has overloaded with ingredients.

AMY PARKER.

Fennimore, Wis.

Her Pet Book

SIR:— I just finished reading "Claudius the God" and have been edified and horrified, and amused and dismayed. The second book in the life of Claudius, a Roman Emperor of the time of Christ, is told in the first person, and in the mode of today, but gives an insight into life of that day that is a joy to behold. The vocabulary of Robert Graves is a marvel. One even gets to the places where wholesale massacres are not repulsive, and the fornicating and intrigue among the hangers on of the court are in keeping with what history has told us to expect. It seems a shame, however, that people of today must be fed history in these sugar-coated pills.

Unlike "Claudius," "Catherine the Great," by one Gina Kaus, is all about fornicating and political intrigue in Russian Court long ago, but is jazzed in tone, up to date so you have the feeling that Catherine lived yesterday rather than two hundred years ago.

Then, for relief from this so-called history I read "The Man Who Had Everything," by Louis Bromfield, which is about the man of today who was a farm boy, then a soldier in the last war, then a famous playwright, and had achieved all that fame and fortune could provide.

But the pet book of my spring days is "Road to War," by Walter Millis, all about how the United States went to war, led by subterfuge and evasive intrigue of diplomats and the munition manufacturers. The newspapers were biased and the enthusiasm of the masses swayed, nay forced, the best minds to fight. There never was any neutrality in the strict sense of the word. It is a concise, well written tale that makes pygmy minds seem predominant.

I even looked into "National Velvet," by Enid Bagnold, which is about how Velvet Brown, daughter of a poor slaughterer, playing with paper horses, in lieu of dolls, wins with a shilling a horse. A very improbable tale, making Alger look a novice.

BERNICE BERGMAN.

Spirit Lake, Iowa.

Culture by Any Other Name

SIR:—Not to waste your kindly offered space on preliminaries: I am reading with wonder and delight three huge tomes, the first two of which have been read in part before: "Anna Karenina," "Of Human Bondage," "The Magic Mountain." I have not read "Anthony Adverse," "So Red the Rose," "Of Time and the River," because there are so many more important things I wish to get to first. Recently I chuckled and pondered over "While Rome Burns." Over and over again I read Powys's "The Meaning of Culture" (wish he had called it something else!) and wish I were able to own everything he ever wrote, especially want to get his recent Autobiography, which I have not yet seen, alas! I did not care for "Goodby, Mr. Chips," but think "And Now Goodby" one of the loveliest things in modern fiction, worthy to be placed beside the exquisite "Precious Bane," and "No Second Spring." I do not mind waiting until a book is three or four or a hundred or two years old before I read it, until after the tumult and the shouting die. To quote an old friend, "A booklover ought to be a combination of Methuselah and Crœsus."

DAISY E. MCCUTCHEON.

Dillon, S. C.

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Relief Rolls or Pay Rolls?

BACK TO WORK. The Story of P. W. A. By Harold L. Ickes. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLTON OGBURN

THIS book represents, according to Secretary Ickes's statement in his preface, "some general accounting of what P. W. A. has done." The accounting is not official and statistical, but informal and even conversational. A really delicious feature of the book is the deft touch in discussing some of the "New Dealers" who have not always seen eye to eye with the Secretary. It is interesting to learn from his own words that Lew Douglas in the Fall of 1933 felt that recovery had arrived and that it would not be necessary to spend any of the appropriated $3,300,000,000.

Mr. Ickes's accounting is inadequate only in that he fails to do his own record justice. The P. W. A. is one of the brightest spots of the New Deal. Its record is clear and praiseworthy. Its administration has been in the public interest, under the guidance of those with a public point of view and a social philosophy, who are imbued with energy and possess the force of character sufficient to combat on one hand the selfish politicians seeking public funds for their pet projects and on the other hand the public utility magnates determined to keep their own preserves intact. Those who in reading this book come to scoff will remain to praise.

The purpose of P. W. A. is to effect reemployment directly — and indirectly — through starting the wheels of those industries supplying materials to P. W. A. projects. Fundamentally, therefore, the P. W. A. problem is a labor problem, both in its purpose and in the nature of its expenditures.

The author justifies P. W. A. by necessity—necessity arising from the existence of thirteen million unemployed persons and the accumulation of unused building material, in conjunction with the need for sanitary housing, good roads, schools, and cheap power. On the theory that "work, not employment, creates wealth" the author shows how the P. W. A., by using idle labor and natural resources, could prevent a permanent class on the dole. The unwillingness of private capital for a long time "to show the slightest disposition to seek employment in industry and public works" means that the other reservoir, that of public funds, must be tapped. Even had the private source not been clogged, Mr. Ickes would see little harm in using public money for public works on the theory that "it is the same money regardless of its depositary. It is the wealth of America, the savings from the earnings of the workers of America." It is interesting to note that projects were to be considered for their social desirability and relation to coördinated planning, their economic desirability, soundness from an engineering and technical standpoint, financial ability of the applicant, and the security offered.

To those who demanded more immediate and greater results than P. W. A. could accomplish, Mr. Ickes explains that P. W. A. had only $2,500,000,000 (the remainder of the appropriation went to the C. W. A., C. C. C., Federal Farm Credit Administration, *et al.*) against ten to fifteen billions per year expended in private construction in the decade preceding 1930. Practically all the appropriation, which had been increased to $3,700,000,000, was allocated within fifteen months after the Administration had been set up.

Mr. Ickes estimates throughout 1934 an average of 500,000 men were steadily at work at construction sites and, by taking a rather arbitrary multiple, he figures that the P. W. A. through indirect labor has kept approximately 2,000,000 at normal productive work, but it is by no means clear how this estimate is substantiated.

To understand the P. W. A. it is necessary to compare it, in its building program, with private construction and, as a relief agency, with the F. E. R. A. and C. W. A. The author makes no such comparison. But to one familiar with private construction methods and with the *modus operandi* of these alphabetical agencies of the New Deal, P. W. A. has distinct merits. Since the administration is essentially a problem in labor relations, it is pleasing to note the enlightened labor policy of the P. W. A. in adopting rules that the prevailing union scale of wages, as of April 30, 1933, should be paid in a given community, its consideration of the rights of organized labor, its treatment of Negro labor, its handling of complaints from aggrieved employees through a central board, instead of remanding those complaints to be examined at their source to the embarrassment of the complainant.

The author tells very interestingly of the program on paved roads, hydroelectric power, low cost housing, and slum clearance. He stresses his preference and proves his reasons for favoring those projects which are affected by a social purpose and are non-competing with private industry, such as schools, water systems, sewerage systems, etc. He shows a thorough knowledge of the subject of low cost housing, but fails to bring out how particularly desirable is this method of utilizing P. W. A. funds, the need for it, and its ability to use a large proportion of labor to the amount expended. Those of Mr. Ickes's readers who are interested in low cost housing and slum clearance will regret that he has not given a more definite and detailed description of this portion of P. W. A. accomplishments.

Very illuminating is the method of opposition adopted by one of the large public utility trusts, in using a college endowment fund (the president of which was also the president of the power trust) in seeking to prevent the development of a small hydroelectric power company by the P. W. A.

Mr. Ickes's chapter "Looking Forward" is an argument for public planning in general, but contains not a word about any future program for the expenditure of any part of the $4,800,000,000 recently appropriated for work relief projects.

In view of the superior record made by P. W. A. it is pertinent to ask if the Ickes method of accomplishing reëmployment and of starting the wheels of industry, which he has so ably demonstrated in the P. W. A., is to be financed for another two years' program, or whether the Hopkins method will be in the ascendant.

Charlton Ogburn is counsel for the American Federation of Labor. His experience as a legal expert in labor problems goes back to 1918, *when he was a member of the War Labor Board.*

"OFF RELIEF ROLLS—ON PAY ROLLS." *From "Back to Work."*

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What's in a Book Title?

BY IRVIN HEYNE

SINCE 1900 there has been evident a growing tendency toward the use of quoted or symbolic book titles. It is not possible, at this time to enter upon a discussion of the causes underlying this tendency or of the direction it might take. But it may be interesting to get some idea of its scope. Shakespeare and the Bible, of course, are primary sources. Among the recent or forthcoming books whose titles are derived from the former are:

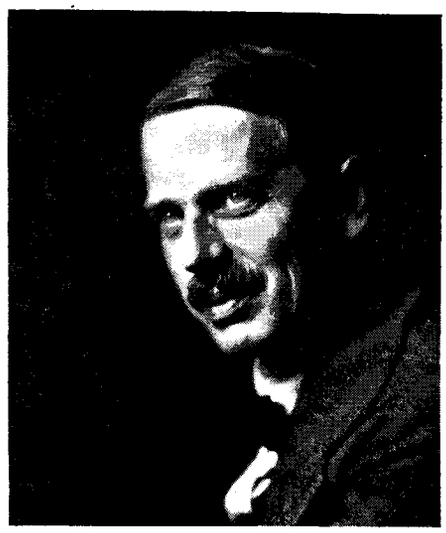
MORE THAN KIND, by C. Seaforth, and LESS THAN KIN, by C. C. Dobie (A little more than kin and less than kind. *Hamlet*). COME, MY COACH, by Marjorie Worthington (Come, my coach! Good night, sweet ladies; good night. *Hamlet*). HOW LIKE AN ANGEL, by A. G. Macdonell (What a piece of work is man! . . . in action how like an angel! *Hamlet*). SO WISE SO YOUNG, by A. B. Hale (So wise so young, they say, / do never live long. *Richard III*). MY SHADOW AS I PASS, by Sybil Bolitho (Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass, / That I may see my shadow as I pass. *Richard III*). LORD, WHAT FOOLS, by F. Boon (Lord, what fools these mortals be! *Midsummer Night's Dream*). CALL BACK YESTERDAY, by G. Goodwin (Call back yesterday; bid time return. *Richard II*). RIPENESS IS ALL, by Eric Linklater (*Lear*). THE UNCERTAIN GLORY, by B. Marshall—the fourth novel, by the way, with that title—(Oh, how this spring of love resembleth / The uncertain glory of an April day. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*). MIDSUMMER MADNESS, by E. Tripp (This is very midsummer madness. *Twelfth Night*). ILLYRIA, LADY, by C. Butler (*Twelfth Night*). THIS PETTY PACE, by C. C. Furnas (Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, / Creeps on this petty pace from day to day. *Macbeth*). LITTLE CANDLE'S BEAMS, by Isa Glenn (How far that little candle throws his beams! / So shines a good deed in a naughty world. *Merchant of Venice*). SUMMER'S LEASE, by Winifred Howe (Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May; / And summer's lease hath all too short a date. *Sonnets*). IF THIS BE ERROR, by Martin Hare (Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks. . . . If this be error, and upon me proved, / I never writ, nor no man ever loved. *Sonnets*). FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES, by George Cronyn (When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes / I all alone beweep my outcast state. *Sonnets*).

From the Bible come the following: IF NOT JERUSALEM, by O. Harland (Let my right hand forget her cunning . . . let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy. *Psalms*). CONCERNING THIS WOMAN, by W. Le Queux (Am I a dog's head . . . that thou chargest me today with a fault concerning this woman? *II Samuel*). SKIN FOR SKIN, by Winifred Duke (Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. *Job.*) SOLOMON, MY SON!, by John Erskine (*II Chronicles*). AS THE FOOL, by F. Plunkett (How dieth the wise man? As the fool. *Ecclesiastes*). HE SENT FORTH A RAVEN, by E. M. Roberts (*Genesis*). NOT BUILT WITH HANDS, by Helen C. White (We have a building of God, an house not made with hands. *II Corinthians*). ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE, by Lewis Browne (With God all things are possible. *Matthew*). THE POWERS THAT BE, by A. Cannon (The powers that be are ordained of God. *Romans*). BEAUTY FOR ASHES, by G. L. Hill (To give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. *Isaiah*). DWELL IN THE WILDERNESS, by Alvah C. Bessie (Better to dwell in the wilderness, than with a contentious and angry woman. *Proverbs*). THE ELEVENTH HOUR, by Eden Phillpotts—also the title of a detective story by J. S. Fletcher—(The parable of the laborers in the vineyard. *Matthew*). IN HIS OWN COUNTRY, by J. Gill (A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country. *Matthew*). THE MARK OF CAIN, by H. T. Comstock (*Genesis*). WHAT MANNER OF LOVE, by Rita Weiman (*I John*). WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD, by M. Matveev (Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away: for he shall return no more, nor see his native country. *Jeremiah*).

Titles of course come from other sources than the Bible and Shakespeare. Some examples are: BRAVE MUSIC, by E. Wells (Ah, take the cash in hand and waive the rest; / Oh, the brave music of a distant drum! *Rubaiyat*, 1st ed.). GARMENT OF REPENTANCE, by C. Wright (Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring / Your winter-garment of repentance fling. *Rubaiyat*). DEAD YESTERDAY, by G. Grant (Unborn tomorrow and dead yesterday. *Rubaiyat*). THERE WAS A DOOR, by Talbot Mundy (There was the door to which I found no key; / There was the veil through which I might not see. *Rubaiyat*). APRIL'S SOWING, by Rosamund Rees (You'll love me yet—and I can tarry / Your love's protracted growing: / June reared that bunch of flowers you carry / From seeds of April's sowing. Browning, *Pippa Passes*). YOUTH ON THE PROW, by C. Whitehead (Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm. Gray, *The Bard*). THE FARMER IN THE DELL, by Phil Stong (Mother Goose). ON WHAT STRANGE STUFF, by E. Bialk (On what strange stuff Ambition feeds. Eliza Cook, *On Thomas Hood*,—not, as some might think from : Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed, / That he is grown so great? *Julius Caesar*).

(To be continued)

Queries concerning titles of books will be gladly answered if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.



EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

Taking Stories Apart

THE SHORT STORY CASE BOOK. By Edward J. O'Brien. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by TESS SLESINGER

MR. O'BRIEN has for years presented us with anthologies of short stories without ever completely exposing his own critical values and bases of selection. His "Case Book," in which each story is treated to a detailed paragraph-by-paragraph commentary on the right-hand pages, reveals him as a painstaking analyst, an astute observer, and—in the light of many of the stories he has included in his anthologies—a surprisingly just and balanced judge. One wonders if all his selections in the past can possibly have lived up to the high, frequently classical, and even perfectionist standards which are expounded in the "Case Book"; or if perhaps Mr. O'Brien is better equipped as a detailed analyst or teacher than as a critic.

The "Case Book" is designed for short story writers and short story teachers. It might very conceivably be useful also to fellow-critics who have difficulty in deciphering just *how* a writer has or has not achieved his effects. Mr. O'Brien states his aims clearly in the introduction:

> If you are convinced that the writing of short stories has been successfully reduced to a matter of observing so many rules and formulæ, and believe that nothing more is needed in creative writing, you had much better avoid this book. But if you are keenly and sensitively alert to life, if your imagination plays freely and honestly over all that happens to you and over all that you observe in the life of your neighbors, I may be able to offer you something that will be useful to you.

In other words, if you have what it takes in the first place, Mr. O'Brien presents you with an invaluable aid to thinking.

The introduction—which should be read, not only as a key to the rest of the

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book, but as a helpful survey of the component parts of the short story—contains a general discussion of aims and techniques, with emphasis on Plot, Action, Character, and Setting. It is interesting to note—again, in the light of past anthologies—"Plot is merely a means to an end. It is never an end in itself." There is a valid warning in the passage under Setting: "Local color for its own sake has been one of the chief vices of the American short story for two generations." (One is tempted, ungratefully, to suggest that Mr. O'Brien read his own book.) But it is the field of Character in which Mr. O'Brien seems most interested and in which he is certainly most illuminating. Although it is surprising that nothing of Conrad Aiken's, that brilliant and strangely neglected exponent of the Joycean school, has been selected to illustrate the stream-of-consciousness, still that method, as exemplified here in moderated form by William March and Whit Burnett, is effectively contrasted with the characterization through unassisted dialogue used by Hemingway, and again with the economical development by fact so thoroughly mastered by Maupassant.

The first two stories are treated to an almost infinitesimal analysis, step by step, sometimes sentence by sentence. The immediate effect may seem mere paraphrasing—something like reading from a pony on the right page. But somehow the accumulated probing succeeds in building up in the reader an unusual degree of concentration which serves him in the subsequent stories—which are less minutely handled—to make his own comments, and, most important of all, to ask his own questions. The commentary upon the third story — Maupassant's — is not made paragraph by paragraph, but in a generalized discussion of Maupassant's methods based on his own statement in the preface to "Pierre and Jean," a discussion so meaty that it becomes a gauge for all the rest.

Apparently Mr. O'Brien is almost unconcerned with the relative *importance* of a writer's choice of subject matter. By implication his chief point seems to be that any story, well-told, is a good story; it is interesting to conjecture what would have happened to Marquand's commonplace story had he been capable of following Maupassant's advice. The question is still a moot one. Perhaps one must evaluate a writer a little in terms of his own time—so that a present-day Jane Austen would deal with the foibles of the bourgeoisie "in trade," a modern Swift would satirize the twentieth century. In the end the best writers seem for the most part to have chosen subjects which reflected importantly the important aspects of their day; after *that* they told their stories well.

Tess Slesinger is an exponent of some of the best work in short story writing that is being done today. Her most recent book, "Time—the Present," a collection of stories, was reviewed in the Saturday Review *of May* 25, 1935.

Idealism and the Corn Belt

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES. By George Cronyn. New York: Covici Friede. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THOUGH the very first episode of the first section of this distinctly United States novel—which is in five sections—describes quite objectively the Reverend Charles Worden Peirce's extra-marital exploit in the village of Santa Ana near Manila, in the Philippine Islands, one soon enough finds out that the book is based upon an inquiry conducted by a certain Doctor Bedell, who has given over his practice as a consulting psychologist to devote himself to a research project. He is investigating one thousand cases of variations from normalcy in the average man. Not the Reverend Charles, but his son Max (or, as he now calls himself, M. Worden Peirce), a well-known banker, "was to have furnished the final case history of the series." Unfortunately he leaps to his death from the fifteenth floor of a New York hotel. One of his two brothers, Byron Peirce, becomes that thousandth man instead.

GEORGE CRONYN

Through the doctor's examination of the willing Byron and the information about his family that he furnishes, is unfolded a thoroughly American story of various frustration; a story the last third of which deals with the present day, with the sons of an idealistic but unfortunate father who started as a Presbyterian minister in the Corn Belt in the Middle West. The story is not at all told through the comments of the doctor or of Byron, nor is a strict chronology preserved. It is so varied in the method of presentation as to keep it continuously interesting, as it moves steadily forward.

The father returns from the Philippines to his wife in the Middle West, and his three young sons, at the beginning of this century. The end of his sons' several stories is late in 1934. The idealistic career of the father, suddenly almost destroyed by a sexual "slip"—or a mortal sin (as his relatives severally argue it)—is temporarily turned down the road of poverty and exile. His three boys struggle to manhood; Max always the conservative and somewhat the snob, with an eye to the main chance; Byron, the dreamer, draughtsman, and budding architect; Clyde, the wild one, who finally runs away to Calgary and British Columbia, after a somewhat athletic career at school. The mother dies during their poverty, drowning herself. The father comes into a residuary legacy from his grandmother, joins the International Society of Christian Rationalists, and becomes the editor of the *Rational Advocate*. The large remainder of the novel is chiefly concerned with the careers of the three sons.

"Fortune and Men's Eyes" is unusually rich in detail. It is the story not only of these principal characters, but of many other members of the family connection, and of a few friends. It bears its own ironic implications. It is written with facility and a thorough knowledge of terrain and people. It gives one the same feeling of solidity and significance as did the earlier novels of Robert Herrick. It seems to me, in character, to stand between these and those of Sinclair Lewis. The financial assistance to the two surviving brothers, at the end, though it comes in the natural course of events, appears as a slight sop to Cerberus; but the money in the family does not then so much matter. It is the vividness and strength of many of the episodes that matter; the strong, weak, and corrupt characters that one encounters. Most aspects of human nature are illustrated. And behind the book is the history of this country in the last thirty-five years; of the average American, born of strong stock near to the soil, moving from the outlands into the city struggle.

Not a book particularly unusual for its style, "Fortune and Men's Eyes" is still a book worth writing and reading. It covers a lot of territory. It is unpropagandist in its realism. Mr. Cronyn earlier wrote well of the troubadour, Peire Vidal, in "The Fool of Venus." Now he has strongly delineated an energetic American family, the more independent and idealistic members of which get their noses pretty thoroughly rubbed in the dirt. Yet gusto for living is in the book; and, granted a slight tendency toward caricature, its values are eternally right.

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Greyhound of Heaven

THE FIRST BUS OUT. By Eugene Löhrke. New York: D. Appleton-Century. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by L. CABOT HEARN

I'M not going to repeat here one statement the publishers make on the front jacket-flap of this novel; but it was a mistake to make it. If it wasn't, they shouldn't accuse reviewers of giving away novelists' plots. The statement they make, in italics, is likely to spoil a particularly good climax of the author's.

But I could see from the jacket-picture that this bus was not the ordinary bus, to Greenwich, Bronxville, Washington, or what have you. No, this bus was obviously akin to the ship in "Outward Bound," to Walter de la Mare's "The Last Coach-Load," and to other conveyances on the metaphysical rampage.

Mr. Löhrke knows the whole atmosphere of actual bus-riding at night, every sensation of that hurtling progress on a long-distance "greyhound." His short novel is atmospheric or nothing, and the envelope of the story is satisfying. The glimpses we have of the various lives involved cannot be said to be quite as satisfying, not that they are not good as far as they go but that they do not go far enough. We are left at the end with quite a lot of questions on our lips. Those lives seem to me tantalizingly like the streamers of colored paper that in some barber-shops serve to indicate that the electric fan is actually functioning. They blow out in the wind of the bus's—and story's—speed, and terminate suddenly. Perhaps one has enough of the scaly Budd Dwyer, whose life was, after all, singularly uncomplex; but Joe Schiavoni "steals the show" from Mr. Mole, in his redundant sinisterness; and Anna Roehm is another novel in herself. I should like to have those two in two separate novels. Maybe, after all, I am merely complimenting this book. But I should rather have it complemented.

EUGENE LÖHRKE

A novel was recently reviewed in *The Saturday Review,* March Cost's "The Dark Mirror," that appeared to take a group of people and put them through the paces of their pasts, not to say transport them into the future. There was a novel, also, by a young Englishman, not so long ago, called "Delay in the Sun," that dealt with a lot of tourists in a Spanish town—this time *after* the bus had deposited them and gone on. This multiplex presentation of character within a short period of time seems to have become quite the rage.

As to the mysticism of "The First Bus Out," the present reviewer may merely be childish, but he was not satisfied by being cut off in mid-flight. To do that satisfactorily the implications made by the author would have to be a deal more profound and startling than are Mr. Löhrke's, clever as he is. "Outward Bound" "got somewhere," in a more satisfactory way, even though the end was left in doubt—as must all supramundane endings be. One thing I think would have improved "The First Bus Out," and that would have been more actual clash between the passengers. At that, this is an unusual yarn, and brief and easy to read. It's a good book for the bedside lamp—and then you go to sleep and dream the rest of it—but be careful how you carry on with that bus!

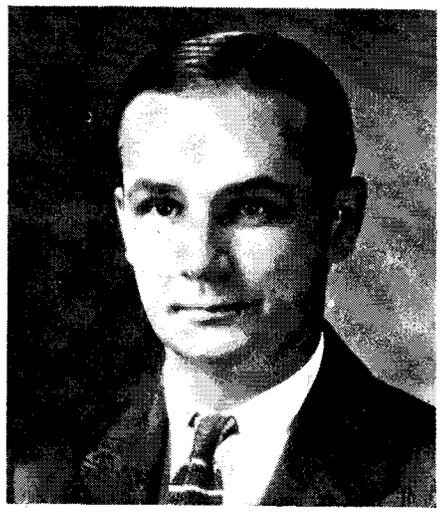
Southern Testament

90° IN THE SHADE. By Clarence Cason. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

WHOEVER wants a picture of the South must remember, as Clarence Cason remembered when he set about to "psychograph" it, that Stark Young and William Faulkner have walked the same streets in Mississippi. But certainly no Southerner nor any sensible human being anywhere supposes that either of these two have undertaken to see or write the region whole. Lost as they and so many other Southern writers have been in the extremes of sweet, lost elegance and unsweet present decay, there was plenty of room between them for a man who loved the South and hated ugly things in it to seek to see and show both sides of the street and the whole South that stretches back from both sides in beauty and evil, loud ignorance and civilized, if sometimes complacent, intelligence.

Clarence Cason loved the South as a man can love a region without being blind to its ugliness and, if he was not wholly successful in distilling the ultimate essence of the region, he made no pretense at doing so. Wisely he expressed his realization that no last word can be quickly said about an area in which grace and beauty persist despite the ugliness of new and careless industrialism, the political buffoonery of Bilbos, the viciousness of loan sharks, the lethargy of the intelligent, and the terrible man-animal-mob cruelty of lynching. Mr. Cason hated these ugly things as no man foreign to the South could hate them despite the fact that, in the too little known tradition of high civilized Southern conversation, he could talk—and write—about them not merely with condemnation but also with wit. He could love, hiding his anger in a graceful verbal facetiousness, a country which discouraged white immigration in the booming America of the eighties and nineties because there were already present in the South more white folks than the Negroes could support.



CLARENCE CASON

The death of Mr. Cason, almost simultaneously with the appearance of his book, made it a sort of testament to his South. He left to other men like himself in the South "their choice of courses":

> they may either exist in complacent dreams, hoping that they will not too soon be cast from their beds by a sudden rocking of the earth beneath them; or they may resolve to wrestle with substantial problems with all the strength and skill at their command, inspired by another kind of vision—one which leads them to hope that the present and future of the South may yet prove worthy of the glamorous reputation of the ante-bellum years.

That choice remains to be made, but it is good to have a book that presents it intelligently and bad to lose an author who could write it. The South needs more such writers as Mr. Cason to look at the South neither as angry Puritans, writing of an impure and imperfect South with all the detailed violence of a backwoods evangelist describing sin, nor as the earlier lazy literary cavaliers, who refused to see any vestige of loan sharks or pellagra in the jessamine-scented moonlight, but as men who can see beauty and hate evil on the same street in the same South where both do in truth exist.

Jonathan Daniels, editor of the Raleigh News and Observer, *is himself a Southerner by birth and training.*

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

THE ANONYMOUS *Gourmet's Book of Food and Drink* (Macmillan, $2.50) contains much fine manly stuff about the pleasures of the table and the bar; it is well worth adding to a selected shelf near the sideboard. What is quite unusual in a British work, it actually gives a respectable instruction for Mint Julep, without the heresy of pounding or crushing the mint—which is an abomination. The julep recipe given by "Gourmet" is that of Captain Marryat who is always supposed to have made the drink known in Britain. It is the Georgia formula, which equals cognac with peach brandy. This the Bowling Green does not personally approve; the blend of peach and mint flavors seems to us too dulcet or feminine.

It is well known among those who take juleps with due seriousness that Bourbon whiskey is the rear end, the transmission and the differential joint of the julep that travels far.

ON THE SUBJECT of Cheese, "Gourmet" is on firmer footing, and knows his stuff. He gives some valuable suggestions for travellers who want to sample the noble Stilton cheese in its own home. Stilton, he tells us, came originally from Melton Mowbray, but was made famous by the Bell Inn at Stilton. "The great sign of the Bell, in solid copper, still hangs from the wrought iron stays over the central door." Perhaps some travelling client who motors up the Great North Road this summer will stop at Stilton (on his way to Peterborough Cathedral, perhaps, and after visiting the John Bunyan region at Bedford) and send us a photo.

Excellent fellow, "Gourmet" understands that the only way to eat really good Camembert is with a spoon; though he says that an artist friend of his has solved the problem by using a small trowel-shaped palette-knife.

I deplore his referring to the proud old *Mauretania* as a "boat." How many years must we wage war on this horrid error? "Boat" means small craft; lifeboats, tugboats, any sort of subaltern vessel. The *Mauretania* was a ship. To call the *Normandie* a "boat" (as we just managed to stop a radio announcer from doing the other day) would be like calling The White House a kennel.

SPEAKING OF the *Normandie*, F. C. H. and I were lucky enough to be aboard the *Alice M. Moran*, my favorite tugboat, when the great French liner came up New York Harbor on her second visit. No matter how many photos one has seen of her, to realize her extraordinary size and shapeliness you need to be on a small boat down close to water-level. The white V-shaped streamlined bulkhead above her fo'csle, intended to split wind-pressure, pleased me; it looked exactly like a snow-drift that has been carved prow-shape by a gale.

As a ship, anything of such dimensions seems to me fantastic excess; as a phenomenon she is thrilling to observe. (Will they find some way of abating the enormous quantity of smoke she exhales?) Captain Tony Huseby, master of the *Alice M. Moran*, was in charge of docking her, and had gone aboard at Quarantine. So Bill Banks was at *Alices'* wheel, and this time, instead of chasing under her stern we were promoted to the bow.

So you must imagine the picture: this enormous hull coming centrally up stream, beheld of all beholders; rather like Shakespeare arriving at a congress of English teachers. Every eye within gaze of the North River was attention. And the *Alice* far down below the steep flare of the *Normandie's* tall side. As we looked up, there was a cheerful little French boy leaning from a port, chanting to himself and evidently in proud spirits. We called to him, waving salute; but he was feeling too boyishly biggity to pay much heed to the lowly tugboat. A small spoof seemed in order. We put on (or tried to) a look of puzzled but interested curiosity, and shouted up:—

"Comment s'appelle le grand bateau?" (*Bateau* is to *vaisseau*, in French, as *boat* to *ship* in English.)

The lad was smart; he saw it was a jape, and smiled, without answering. But an excitable Frenchwoman at an adjoining port could not control herself. "Tell him, tell him," she ejaculated to the boy in rapid French, "he doesn't know the name of the ship."

Still the youngster grinned and forebore, but the lady was hooked. What, she thought—not to know the name of this magnificent vessel, this empress of longitudes, the world's hugest ship? She screeched out wildly:—

"*Mais c'est la Normandie, alors!*"

We gazed up gratefully and took off our hats.

"Merci bien, Madame . . . voici *Alice M.*"

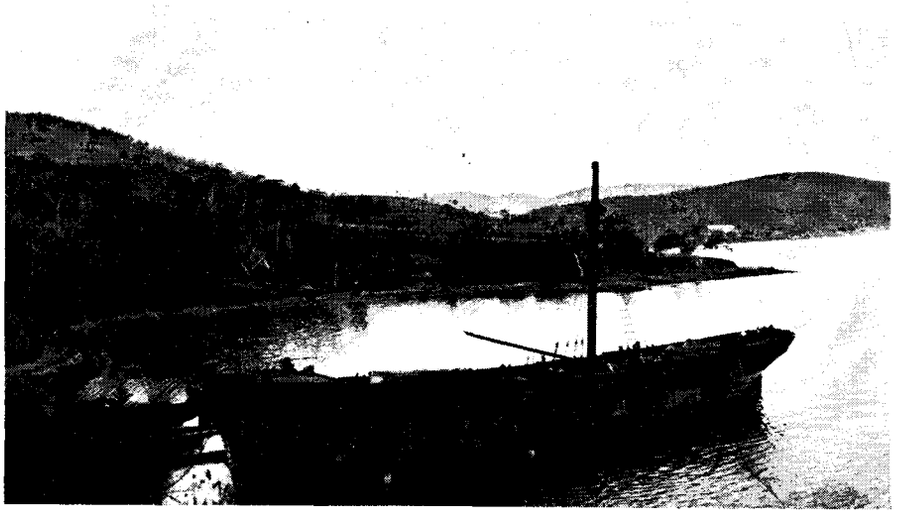
WE SPOKE of this being the season to read Walt Whitman. My friend Walter Palmer of Chester, Pa., going through family papers, found a passage in his father's diary describing Walt Whitman's funeral. This is of great interest to me as showing the impression made by Whitman on his own time. Walter Palmer, though only a very small boy at the time, remembers how moved his father was when he returned home after the service.

From the diary of Thomas Chalkley Palmer, March 30, 1892:—

"Today I attended the funeral of Walt Whitman in Camden, and heard the eulogies of Dr. Brinton, Robert Ingersoll and others upon the departed. The funeral services were held at the tomb in Harleigh cemetery. The weather was mild and pleasant. About a thousand people were present. . . . With considerable difficulty, I managed to get near enough to hear most of what was said.

"Dr. Daniel G. Brinton made a strong address, tho it was cast in rather flowery language. It had evidently been carefully prepared, yet it was not lacking in spontaneity and eloquence. 'His voice sounded above the heads of great men and over the roofs of the world,' said the doctor.

"Ingersoll's address was, of course, the event of the day. It is far from being the



THE LAST OF CONRAD'S "OTAGO"

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best of Ingersoll's addresses, yet the qualities of the speaker have never been more pronounced in any of his speeches. The absolute sincerity of the man shines out clearly from first to last. The speech was to all appearances extempore. A striking passage of it deals with Whitman's 'creed.' 'He comprehended and tolerated all creeds, and accepted *none*. His creed was a sky that embraced all clouds and was above them all.' And this, which has somehow a strangely familiar sound to me, I thought particularly fine: 'He was so great that he could ascend to the level of the greatest without effort, so great that he could stoop to the lowest without conscious condescension. He was absolutely without pride, yet passed easily for a brother of mountains and seas and constellations.' Then the speaker, as an instance of Whitman's broad toleration, quoted the line, 'great enough to be worthy of the greatest,' in which Whitman tells the outcast, 'Not until the sun excludes thee shall I exclude thee.'

"Ingersoll is an interesting figure. His mental and moral courage and his sincerity are not to be doubted. Yet there are times when one wishes he had a trifle more of the toleration which he lauds in Whitman.

"All the speakers claimed a place for Walt Whitman that is higher than the present generation is ready to grant him. Neither the claims of the speakers nor the objections of the world at large will have any effect to build up or pull down that strange and august apparition. The construction of Whitman's verse will at the most preserve the name of the writer so long as English is read or spoken—even if only as an anomaly. The matter of what he wrote, as showing the workings of a perfectly unbiased and free mind, concerning itself about the things at hand, will be of more value than any poetic 'sport.' But the real and essential value of Whitman comes from the fact that he was a conscious agent of the 'inner light' that is in all men in some measure, that he spoke after the manner and matter of the demigods from Plato to Emerson, that he was not an 'echo,' but 'a voice.' These men are not to be 'explained.' They are mysterious appearances and therefore notable.

"One single line of Whitman's, simple-sounding as it is, revealed to me the insight of the man—

'The soul has that measureless pride that resists all lessons but its own.'"

Granules from an Hour-Glass

☞From *The Lookout*, friendly little bulletin published monthly by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York City, we learn that Conrad's old command the barque *Otago* is gently rotting away moored up the river Derwent, near Hobart, Tasmania. Conrad was master of the *Otago* 1888-89 (his first command) and one of the very finest of his stories, *The Shadow Line*, immortalizes her. So we look with genuine emotion on the photo printed in *The Lookout*—the poor old hull, dismasted and derelict, lying against the beach. We're going to reread *The Shadow Line* and *Falk* in her honor. ☞Incidentally, from January 1 to May 1, 1935, 10,457 readers used the Conrad Memorial Library at the Seamen's Institute. ☞Students of Sherlock Holmes will be interested in *Cornish of Scotland Yard*, a book of reminiscences by former Superintendent G. W. Cornish of the C. I. D.—In his narrative of what he calls "The Great Turf Fraud" Mr. Cornish describes the case of a faked racehorse which has some resemblances to the story of Silver Blaze (in the *Memoirs*). And oddly enough the name of the horse, in the fraud that was perpetrated in 1920, was Silver Badge. ☞Actual life does not exercise the restraint that fiction has to observe: for instance, in the Ewart Safe-Breaking Case in 1924, the two Scotland Yard detectives in charge of the affair were called Hambrook and Eggboro. ☞In the Green of June 8 we remarked upon Mark Twain having used, in 1879, the contemporary phrase to "take it." Mr. Albert W. Dowling (Rock Hall, Maryland) points out an approximately similar usage five centuries earlier still. In Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*, Book II, 288-89:—

> Good áventure, O belé nece, have ye
> Ful lightly founden, and *ye conne it take* . . . .

☞At this time, when some of us, for whatever reason, can't get far away, it's exciting to hear from peregrinating clients. Here's one of the mermaids of Dawson's Bookshop (Los Angeles) whose letter is dated aboard M. S. *Moldanger*, "off the coast of Costa Rica." She says "Life isn't complete unless you take a trip from Los Angeles to London in a Norwegian freighter. You would see the Southern Cross in a blaze of glory. On my way to Europe to buy books for our old-book department. Simply blissful. Letters are very difficult because a mermaid hates to be long absent from the swimming tank. Greetings from a tropical blue Pacific." ☞Also from the tropical blue Pacific comes a letter from Professor Gregg Sinclair of the University of Hawaii. We hear with congratulation that he has been appointed director of the university's new Oriental Institute. "Hawaii," he says, "is the natural place for an interpreter's house for East and West, and I am delighted to be given the part of doorkeeper." ☞He makes us homesick for the delicious nomenclature of the Islands by quoting the names of two of this year's graduates from the ancient Punahou School in Honolulu. They are:—

> Samuel Apolo-Kapiikauinamokuonalani Amalu, and Elizabeth Helen Kawohikukapulani Desha Beamer.

The long names mean "The ascent of the districts of the heavens," and "Chaste heavenly favorite of the king."

Shaw and the Inner Light

(*Continued from page 4*)

much for it as anyone of our time. He broke up the arid crust of mental topsoil that hampered growth; if the humus beneath it was not as fertile as he had hoped, he can hardly be blamed. Get rid of the shams, the pretenses, the encrusted conventions that have outlived their utility, and get down to what is real: that was his message, and he shouted it with such fervor, such insistence, and ultimately such success that it does not greatly matter if he was wrong in a few details. Reality was not always as workable a material as he expected; but it is the material we have got to learn to work with, if we have any faith in human possibilities at all.

"I do not see moral chaos and anarchy as the alternative to romantic convention," he wrote in 1898; "and I am not going to pretend to merely to please the people who are convinced that the world is held together only by the force of unanimous, strenuous, eloquent, trumpet-tongued lying." His opponents, not being all the conscious liars that he seemed to think, replied in kind; and indeed there was some excuse for the reproach of intentional paradox against a man who attacked property and marriage from the economic bombproof built for him by a rich wife, and abused capitalism, imperialism, vaccination, and beefsteak with indiscriminate vehemence. But when he insisted that he was merely one of the rare people with "normal" vision he was nearer right than his antagonists. His assertion that there had been no noteworthy social and ethical progress since Caesar's day sounded absurd in the nineteenth century, but a third of the way through the twentieth we cannot very confidently dispute it. The economics, the sociology, the ethics of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" are as sound today as they were forty years ago; and a world that has seen war will no longer question his picture of it in "Arms and the Man."

For all his distrust of science and his retrospective admiration, in later years, for medieval Catholicism, Shaw is a quintessential product of the Renaissance and the Reformation. Fairly enough he criticizes Shakespeare's characters (and their creator) for having no social responsibility, no sense of being part of a social organism; which was a failing of the Renaissance. But we owe to the Renaissance and the Reformation the revival of the faith that this world is not necessarily a vale of tears, that perhaps something can be done about it; and that the way to do something about it is to let the individual follow his inner light as far as it may lead him. So far we have not done as much about it as had been hoped; individual endeavor has gone farthest in the economic field, where its successes eventually proved anti-social; and in the face of the obvious need for collective restrictions on the individual in that field, it is not surprising that a good many of the weaker

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brethren have become convinced that we cannot get along without collective control of everything, even thought.

Shaw always knew better. One of his most insistently repeated arguments for collective control of property is that only thus can you liberate the spirit and give it a chance to get somewhere. After Shaw's attack on romance read Cabell's defense of it, and you will see that the difference is the difference between a basic optimism and a basic pessimism about human potentiality. For all his surface hedonism and his irreverent treatment of hagiology, Cabell's spirit is that of the medieval Catholic; Shaw's is that of the Protestant whom nothing can silence but the stake. It seems more plausible now than it did forty years ago that the medievalists may have been right; perhaps God (or Nature, or the Life Force, if you prefer) has set insuperable limitations, internal and external, on human accomplishment. Nevertheless some men and some women are so made that they will go on trying till they drop in their tracks, and no man has ever set forth their creed more powerfully than Shaw.

"I sing the philosophic man," says Don Juan in the scene in hell; "him who seeks in contemplation to discover the inner will of the world, in invention to discover the means of fulfilling that will, and in action to do that will by the so-discovered means." How does he discover that inner will? Why, by convincing himself that his own inner will is the world's will, despite any evidence to the contrary; he understands the tendency of evolution better than his persecutors. The classic instance in Shaw's works, of course, is Joan of Arc. Mencken, I believe, has remarked that the hero of the Eroica Symphony is not Napoleon but Beethoven; so the protagonist of "Saint Joan" is Bernard Shaw disguised as a peasant girl of medieval Lorraine. He has matured now; he is no longer so defiantly proud of his singularity, so sure that the opposition is a mere pack of leather-lunged liars; but he is as inflexible as ever. But a finer type than Joan, and one more relevant to this age of uncertainty, is Lavinia of "Androcles and the Lion"—not quite sure, at the end, for what she is dying, but sure that there is something worth dying for, even if you can find no better name for it than spiritual integrity. These are the true glory of Shaw's plays, these stubbornly undissuadable followers of the Inner Light. Even in so relatively light a work as "Fanny's First Play" there is a difference in kind between Mrs. Knox and the rest of the conventional suburban parents. In their world the division is between the Respectable and the Disreputable, in her world it is between Right and Wrong; and she can recognize her daughter as one of her own kind, no matter how they may differ on the rightness of assaulting the police. For all Shaw's copious propaganda for collectivism, he is greatest and may be remembered longest as Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, the individualist Protestant prophet, and saint. Sometimes he falls short of saintliness? So did all the saints, sometimes; but it was forgiven them, in consideration of their loyalty to their Voices, their Daimonion, their personal revelation.

There remains Shaw the artist; but nothing that anybody can say about him can add to his stature. In a theater almost wholly given over, when he began, to physical or economic or emotional conflicts, he proved that the intellectual conflicts of characters of sufficient stature could be far more interesting than love-and-money problems, when handled by a dramatist of genius. Above all a comedian of genius; for tragedy deals with problems which are apt to become out of date, the peripeties of comedy have a more durable interest. Even the pilgrims of the inner light will be meaningless, if we fall back into a new medievalism. As Shaw himself wrote, "All the assertions get disproved sooner or later; and so we find the world full of a magnificent debris of artistic fossils, with the matter-of-fact credibility gone clean out of them, but the form still splendid." In comedy there is less assertion; but even comedy needs some intellectual content, and nobody else ever gave it so much as Shaw, unless perhaps Aristophanes.

Unfortunately Aristophanes devoted his genius to the upholding of a social and ideological system that was doomed to crack up no matter how hard he tried to save it; he would have had to be on the same side as Socrates to be as good as Shaw. Moreover, you can no longer understand much of what Aristophanes was talking about without a long classical training. Some of Shaw already begins to date; but not very much—at least in the perhaps ill-focussed eyes of one who as he rereads these plays cannot forget the impression they made on him at the first encounter.

Take, for instance, "Fanny's First Play," which Shaw dismisses as a mere potboiler. Its only serious content, an attack on Respectability and the Home, may be sounding brass and tinkling cymbal to the young people of today, who cannot imagine a time when Respectability and the Home were important enough to be worth attacking. Yet they might enjoy it almost as much as their parents did. Twenty-three years ago it seemed to me the funniest play I had ever seen; and it still seems so, after a subsequent experience including such diversely cerebral comedies as "Once in a Lifetime" and "Desire under the Elms." Beside such comedy as Shaw wrote until the war threw the comic aspects of life into the background, all other comedy is as the crackling of thorns under a pot.

Elmer Davis, whose frequent contributions to magazines are pointed commentaries on public affairs, is in his novels and short stories a satirist whose shafts are levelled at phases of society which have always engaged Shaw's interest.

The AMEN CORNER

"As hard a task as to portray the great Alexander or Achilles: for quite as much as they does he deserve to be immortal."

On May 19th, 1935, Sir Thomas More was declared a Martyr and Saint. On May 23rd the Oxford University Press published a definitive edition of

The Lyfe of Sir Thomas Moore, knighte, written by William Roper, Esquire, whiche maried Margreat, daughter of the sayed Thomas Moore

edited from 13 manuscripts with collations, introduction, historical notes, and glossary by Elsie Vaughan Hitchcock.[1]

"Forasmuche as *Sir* Thomas Moore, knighte, sometyme lorde Chauncelor of England, a man of singular vertue *and* of a cleere unspotted consciens, as witnesse the Erasmus," William Roper thought it his "parte to sett forth" all he could remember "towching" More's life.

In the charming *Tudor and Stuart Library*[2] which includes books now scarce in their original form, produced in Elizabethan or Jacobean style, we found what "the Erasmus" said in *Sir Thomas More: Selections from his English Works and from the Lives by Erasmus and Roper*[3], edited by P. S. & H. M. Allen. The late Dr. Allen's *Erasmus: Lectures and Wayfaring Sketches*[4] is a thoroughly readable book by that great Erasmian, author of *The Age of Erasmus*[5] and editor of the *Opus Epistolarum* of Erasmus.[6]

Miss E. M. G. Routh's *Sir Thomas More and His Friends*[7] is "a delightfully living portrait of More, and it is even more for the lay reader than the scholar," as the *New York Times* said. One of the attractions of this unusually attractive volume are the beautiful illustrations, 3 in photogravure and 12 in half-tone, most of them reproducing drawings by Holbein in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.

More's own *Utopia* we recommend in the convenient (and cheap) edition by J. Churton Collins,[8] with biographical introduction, notes and glossary, if it is on your list of "Books I've Always Meant to Read."

The Oxonian was interested to see how many of the books a number of well-known authors in some recently published lists admit they still mean to read are in the *World's Classics*, including the two most frequently mentioned, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and Cervantes' *Don Quixote*.

If you haven't a list of the *World's Classics* and are writing for it, ask the Oxford Press at the same time for a copy of their new *Select Catalogue*, 1935, Being a *Selection* of Oxford Books Offered for General Reading, "compiled with the object of focussing the attention of discriminating readers on the large number of Oxford books which recommend themselves by their readability to people of widely varying interests, while appealing to lovers of good book making by their fine binding and printing and to specialists by their authority and scholarship."

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An Age of Greatness

GERMANY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: The Social Background of the Literary Revival. By W. H. Bruford. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. $6.

Reviewed by STEFAN ZWEIG

WHEN Mr. Bruford in the Foreword to this book states that it is intended primarily "for the English student of German literature and thought," he speaks with an engaging modesty. For the book, admirably constructed and lucidly written, holds much that is new even for Germans and those who have long interested themselves in German literature. Its main concern is with baring the source of that amazing efflorescence of letters which characterized the eighteenth century in Germany, and disclosing the springs which nourished it and the spiritual climate which conditioned it.

The German classical period was unique, entirely dissimilar to eras of like activity in other countries. The Shakespearean epoch fell in the reign of the most powerful monarch England ever knew; Spanish letters reached their zenith with Calderon, Lope de Vega, and Cervantes at the moment of Spain's greatest ascendency; and the classics of French literature, the works of Molière, Racine, and Corneille, appeared in the brilliant age of Le Roi Soleil. In general throughout the course of history great periods of artistic activity have coincided with intense national ardor and political ferment, almost as though the will to power and victory of a people of itself generated speech, song, and artistic expression.

But with Germany the case was strikingly different. Its greatest outburst of art —the magnificent moment that produced Schiller, Goethe, Kant, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Fichte, Schelling—came in the darkest hours of national dissension. Whereas in France in its great day the concentration of intellectual and artistic activity in a single city made of the court a veritable academy of the arts, the German artists worked, simultaneously to be sure, but in complete isolation, each at a different court, each in a different city, each hardly aware of the existence of the others. From the very narrowness of the environment that constituted the background of the separatist states sprang an intense individualism. The isolation of the artists, as Mr. Bruford makes interestingly evident, the constricted character of middle-class and bourgeois life, served to secure for them a measure of mental peace, while the lack of a standardized style and the absence of any generally accepted conventions made for that individualistic quality of German literature which is at once its virtue and its danger. Precisely because their environment was so narrow German artists gained a sure insight into the realities of life and an understanding of the background and folkways of the German people. Because they were subject to no powerful rulers but to provincial overlords they were able to preserve independence.

The varied social and communal elements which went to the making of this bourgeois world Mr. Bruford sets forth in a manner which happily unites learning with vivacity with the result that there starts out from his pages a vivid picture of artistic Germany and Austria on the eve of the nineteenth century. So illuminating is Mr. Bruford's discussion, so masterly its presentation, that it becomes a pleasure again to join the ranks of students and once more to sit under an instructor. Goethe once said that a work of art can never rightly be understood if seen only in its completed state and close at hand. So, too, the great accomplishments of German genius in the classic period can best be apprehended if viewed in relation to their genesis and to the pattern of the century of which they were a part. In the grateful task of recreating and analyzing the Germany of the eighteenth century Mr. Bruford has rendered the highest assistance.

Stefan Zweig, the eminent German critic and biographer, is the author of "Marie Antoinette" and "Erasmus." His latest book, a life of Marie Stuart, is to be published in August.

Guiding Motives of National Behavior

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE POWERS. Published by the Council on Foreign Relations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1935. $1.50.

Reviewed by R. GATEWOOD

TO those who look upon the conduct of foreign affairs simply as a matter of negotiation or aggression, this book will appear as an enlightening surprise. The essays which compose it attempt to set forth the basic elements which govern each great nation in its relations with the others. Geography and racial dissimilarity are obviously the paramount considerations in determining the interests and the ideals of a power as they affect its neighbors, and, though it is mainly to the first point that the seven distinguished authors confine their remarks, their manner of expression gives abundant evidence of the second.

For France, as Jules Cambon points out, the guiding motive is security; consequently, she seeks to prevent any aggressive act by organizing the balance of power in Europe. Sir Austen Chamberlain sees England's role in world affairs as that of an umpire between conflicting camps on the Continent and as the hub of a great commercial confederation. Both these powers, through the instrumentality of the League and otherwise, have proceeded to embody these conceptions in a series of multilateral treaties. To some of these Italy and Germany are parties, but the articles by Dino Grandi and Richard von Kühlmann reflect sentiments that spring from a mutual antipathy to the Versailles settlement which, on the one hand, failed to give full play to the *sacro egoismo* of an overpopulated peninsula, and, on the other, dealt a sad blow to Teutonic power.

Karl Radek denies utterly the idea that geography governs the course of foreign policy: Russia's relations are conducted solely for the benefit of the workers all over the world. Yet geography has certainly had some influence on the series of non-aggression pacts which the U.S.S.R. has concluded with all its European neighbors and it is vital in all disputes with Japan who is seeking, asserts Viscount Ishii, only the recognition of racial equality and a security that resembles England's in its preoccupation with the events of the neighboring continent. As for the United States, John W. Davis finds the key to its external actions in the doctrine of isolation, but he urges a fuller participation in international life and a continued championship of arbitration as a means of settling disputes.

There is little impartiality in these essays and, in several instances, a marked variety in the interpretation of historical facts. The book, however, is undoubtedly a sound guide to the terms in which the purposes of the powers will be expressed for some time to come.

Mr. Gatewood is an instructor in the Riverdale Academy, a well known school for boys.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE COMMUNISTS' CORPSE *Richard Wormser* (Smith & Haas: $2)	Gaunt young Swedish gal baits cops to save pusillanimous suspect before she denounces killer.	It moves so fast it has you blinking. Plot a bit *too* tangled, but that's a small matter.	Elected!
THE TAU CROSS MYSTERY *J. J. Connington* (Little, Brown: $2)	Gent with unsavory past and gentle recluse shot in English flat. Sir Clinton Wendover from tiny clues catches killer.	A problem in deduction solved step by step with ubiquitous but elusive criminal—and a bit too much machinery.	Staple Goods
IT *COULDN'T* BE MURDER *Hugh Austin* (Crime Club: $2)	Mother poisoned: Father gassed: butler shot: rest of nasty family in danger till Peter Quint stops holocaust.	Square-shooting, fast-moving, spine-tickling thriller with a 6-minute egg detective and a baffling plot.	"Yeah man!"

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The PHŒNIX NEST

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE John Newbery Medal, awarded annually "for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children" was established in 1921. If you have wondered who *John Newbery* was, he was a friend of *Oliver Goldsmith* and of *Dr. Johnson*. He first published books specifically for children, and his famous store in St. Paul's churchyard was frequented by the children of London. *Frederic G. Melcher*, editor of *The Publishers' Weekly*, donates the prize every year. *Hendrik Van Loon* has won it in the past, *Hugh Lofting*, *Charles Boardman Hawes*, *Will James*, and *Cornelia Meigs*. This year it has gone to *Monica Shannon*, a Californian, for her novel "Dobry," a story of peasant life in Bulgaria published by the Viking Press. The selection was announced at the annual convention of the American Library Association in Denver, Colorado. The book was chosen by a committee of fifteen librarians. Miss Shannon had already written several volumes of fairy tales and folk lore, and was guest speaker at the third session of the convention. A noted Bulgarian sculptor, *Atanas Katchamakoff*, illustrated her book. . . . The eternal argument goes on as to whether, to authors, writing is really fun. *Fannie Hurst* has covered a lot of ground in saying, "I am not happy when I am writing, but I am more unhappy when I am not." Now *Mary Agnes Hamilton*, whose latest book is a Houghton Mifflin one, "Sentenced to Life," has made a much more cheerful statement. She avers:

> If the true novelist were to be told that he had but three months to live, he would know what to do with them. He would simply glue himself to his desk and sit writing until he had finished his novel. Writing is fun. It is the greatest fun there is. Such fun that, while one is at it, nothing can spoil its delight.

Then, too, there is the point of view of *E. Arnot Robertson*, known for her "Four Frightened People." *The Saturday Review* has in its files a manuscript of hers, entitled, "One Frightened Writer." Watch for it soon! Certainly there is plenty to frighten writers: publishers, critics, themselves, and so on! . . . Coward-McCann are bringing out the first guide book for dude ranchers, "Dude Ranches and Ponies," by *Lawrence B. Smith*.

Joseph Brewer, President of Olivet College at Olivet, Michigan (and formerly my boss in the publishing business!) announces the Olivet Writers' Conference from July 12th to August third. Aside from President Brewer, the staff and lecturers will consist of *Arthur Pound*, *Carl Sandburg*, *Allen Tate*, *Caroline Gordon* (his wife), *Jean Starr Untermeyer*, *Dorothea Brande*, *Eleanor Blake*, and *Nannine Joseph*. A charge of $150 covers board and room in Dole Residence Hall for the three weeks of the Conference, and tuition. All correspondence, including letters of application, should be addressed to the Registrar, Olivet College, Olivet, Michigan. . . . An ancient publisher and bookseller who, it seems, has never got his rights, was *William Jaggard*, without whose good offices one-third of Shakespeare's plays might have been lost to the world. Jaggard not only printed Shakespeare, but also *Bacon*, *Sir Walter Raleigh*, the works of *Heywood*, and the first complete translation of *Boccaccio's* "Decameron." Yet there is no mention of him in the English "Dictionary of National Biography," and the Encyclopaedia Britannica ignores him! To corroborate what I say, read Professor *E. E. Willoughby's* book, to be published July tenth by E. P. Dutton. It's called, "A Printer of Shakespeare." There's a lot in it about the Elizabethan period that you didn't know. . . . The well-known poet, *Katherine Garrison Chapin*, has sent me the following sonnets for the *Phoenix Nest:*

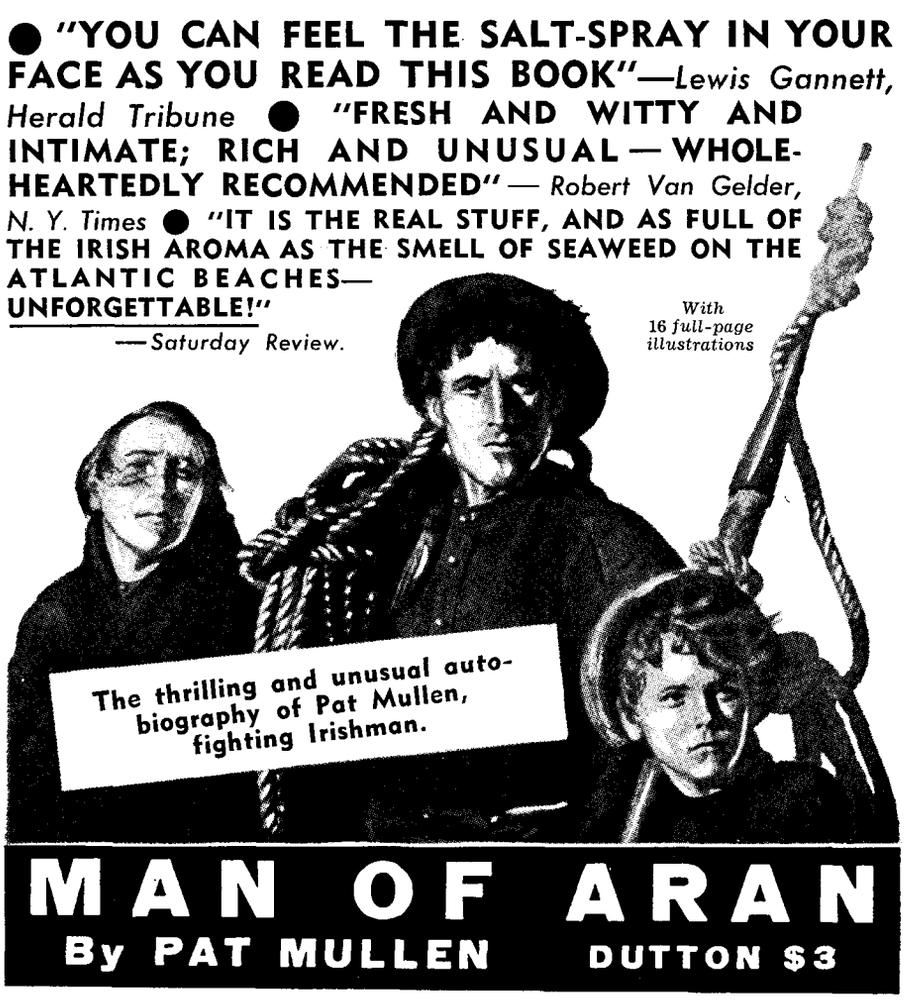
FROM A TROPICAL SHORE

(For Elinor Wylie)

The pale green wave breaks on the curving shore
Burned white beneath the hot high sun of spring.
The soft sound is a fairy ocean's roar,
An awkward bird floats on a lazy wing.
Beneath my feet I crush the little shells
Pink, delicate and perfect, carved in light,
And watch the silver fish that leap the swells
Dripping with jeweled water in their flight.
You never saw this bright fantastic land,
This unreal ocean and imagined sky,
Or sifted with long fingers this pale sand,
Or breathless, watched the soaring heron fly
Against the low hung stars. Yet everywhere
I find your footprint on this shining air.

Walk with the western wind over this sea,
Companioned by that Spirit whom you knew
Too well to brook the infidelity
Which time and space were asking as their due.
Now touching light tipped fingers to the clouds,
And happy feet above a cresting wave
Fling to the sunset glow your thin worn shrouds,—
You two shall know no dry nor watery grave.

But where the polished nacre glows within
A shell, where violet clouds bring down the rain,
Or where the bubble moon is blown too thin,
And stars are drowned, you yet shall live again,—
Live in the lyric pulse, remembering
Singing, to soar, and soaring still to sing!


● "YOU CAN FEEL THE SALT-SPRAY IN YOUR FACE AS YOU READ THIS BOOK"—Lewis Gannett, Herald Tribune ● "FRESH AND WITTY AND INTIMATE; RICH AND UNUSUAL — WHOLE-HEARTEDLY RECOMMENDED" — Robert Van Gelder, N. Y. Times ● "IT IS THE REAL STUFF, AND AS FULL OF THE IRISH AROMA AS THE SMELL OF SEAWEED ON THE ATLANTIC BEACHES— UNFORGETTABLE!"
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MAN OF ARAN
By PAT MULLEN
DUTTON $3

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

LADY INTO FOX. By David Garnett. *Knopf.*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN STEFFENS. *Harcourt, Brace.*

THE TRAGIC ERA. By Claude Bowers. *Houghton Mifflin.*

Mary of Scotland

R. E. C., of Adaza, Iowa, *some time ago saw Maxwell Anderson's "Mary of Scotland" and has been moved by the performance to read some recent biography of that unhappy Queen. He inquires as to whether there has been any interesting and discerning study made of late and also whether Anderson's play can be procured in book form.*

SINCE Mary belongs to that group of women whose charm remains potent to enlist sentiment from age to age there is constantly a new volume upon her. In fact at the moment there is a biography which is yet in the future so far as an American edition is concerned but which has already made its appearance in the German tongue. (Incidentally, it wouldn't be a bad idea to offset Nazi-ism and all the horrors of the Hitler régime, for anyone who is interested in Maxwell Anderson's play to refresh his memory of Schiller's "Maria Stuart.") This German work is Stefan Zweig's MARIA STUART, to be published in this country in August. A German correspondent writes that Zweig has made a psychological discovery with this book as he did with his MARIE ANTOINETTE.

But unless R. E. C. reads German this biography still lies in the future and he undoubtedly wants something now. One of the most recent works on Mary of Scotland to command interest was Herbert S. Gorman's THE SCOTTISH QUEEN (Farrar & Rinehart), a most readable if not a scholarly study. The excellent series of brief biographies which the Appleton-Century Company is getting out contains one by Eric Linklater on MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, which develops its chronicle on the thesis that Mary was so politically ambitious that her kingdom engaged all her time. Andrew Herbert Dakers's THE TRAGIC QUEEN (Houghton Mifflin) attempts to gather together and sift the evidence in regard to Mary who has so persistently been the subject of emotion and so infrequently viewed with detachment. There is, of course, a long list of works on her which R. E. C. can further consult, but these I have mentioned are of recent date. As to Maxwell Anderson's play, he can procure that in book form without difficulty. It is published by Doubleday, Doran & Company.

Benjamin Franklin

L. T. C., of Farmington, Conn., *has it in mind to write a play with Benjamin Franklin for hero and wants to know where to find the intimate incident and detail he needs for the purpose.*

If he can get entrance to the library of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia (and I imagine that is an easy matter) he will find a wealth of material that should yield grist for his mill. Bernard Fay, whose FRANKLIN, THE APOSTLE OF MODERN TIMES (Little, Brown) is one of the best biographies of its subject to be found, and whose later THE TWO FRANKLINS (Little, Brown) contains much little-known detail about the statesman-diplomat-philosopher and his grandson, told me some years ago when he was working on the former book that in the mass of letters given him for inspection at the Society's library—a most indiscriminate and indiscriminately piled together collection—he opened some from which fell tresses of ladies' hair and others from the pages of which started messages of tender import, all sorts of odds and ends of intimate observations,—just the sort of stuff out of which one could build the personality of a dramatic hero. Mr. Fay's volumes and the article in the DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY, written, I judge from the initials appended to it, by Carl L. Becker, represent the most recent results of research. The AUTOBIOGRAPHY, of course, I mention only in passing, since L. T. C. undoubtedly has long been familiar with that. Perhaps, however, he does not know that that work, which ends at the beginning of Franklin's diplomatic career, was continued from correspondence and other writings to his death in a volume now out of print, edited by John Bigelow and entitled LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (Lippincott). The book ought to be obtainable without difficulty at libraries. Another biography which it would be well to consult is James Parton's two-volume LIFE AND TIMES OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (Houghton Mifflin), not a particularly critical study but one which is rich in the anecdotal material of which L. T. C. is in search.

Expert Advice

I am not resorting to the devices of the lazy columnist when I continue to publish in rapid succession communications from readers, but I feel that far better than anything else I can do for my correspondents is to give them the expert advice that comes in from time to time. The great difficulty in this regard is that on occasions the inquiries to which responses are made go astray or are buried in such a mass of accumulated material to which I have already replied that patient search fails to reveal the name of the person for whom some special information is intended. Thus long ago I wrote to Professor Tucker Brooke of Yale enclosing a letter regarding material on the "four humours" for which I felt my ignorance was too great to provide a proper answer. With his usual generosity he replied to it, but I think failed to enclose the letter I had sent him. At any rate I can't find it, so I print his own addressed perforce merely "to whom it may concern." Professor Brooke writes:

> The most convenient place for your correspondent to find material about the four humours and their reflection in Shakespearean drama is perhaps the section on "The Portraiture of Humours," pp. xxxvi-lxiv of Percy Simpson's edition of Jonson's EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR (Oxford University Press, 1919). I refer to the separate edition of that play, not the big (and still far from complete) Herford-Simpson Jonson.
>
> Miss L. B. Campbell's book on SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGIC HEROES (Cambridge University Press, 1930) contains a vast amount of learning on Elizabethan psychological and medical theory and some interesting pictures, but is not very easy to understand.

In re allusions to deafness, here are some random references from L. Wardlaw Mills. He writes:

> Chaucer's WIFE OF BATH and Shakespeare's JULIUS CÆSAR; Swift, ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS, and Pope's graceful ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT; Goldsmith's reference to Reynolds in RETALLIATION; Old Mrs. Wardle in PICKWICK, and Miss Pross in the TALE OF TWO CITIES. The old woman rescued by Mr. Polly (Wells), and MR. PIM PASSES BY (Milne). The only trumpet I can recall—besides Sir Joshua's—belonged to an old lady in Burnaud's HAPPY THOUGHTS.

The numerous correspondents who at various times have inquired what to read in preparation for a trip to Mexico will be interested in the following letter from Mr. Vernon Munroe:

> The two best books I know, and I think I have read most everything on Mexico, are LIFE IN MEXICO, by Madame Calderon de la Barca, and VIVA MEXICO, by Charles M. Flandreau. LIFE IN MEXICO consists of letters written by the wife of the first Minister to Mexico accredited by Spain after the revolution in 1820. They were written about 1839-40, and I think it is generally admitted that they give as good a picture of Mexico today and the real Mexican problem as any modern book. Also, not being written for publication they are entirely free from any suggestion of propaganda.
>
> VIVA MEXICO is a short little story of life on a coffee plantation and for the real feel of the Mexican peon it is quite in a class by itself. It is full of humor and highly entertaining.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 66)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON—"FATE"

So far as man thinks, he is free. . . . Though nothing is more disgusting than . . . the flippant mistaking for freedom of some paper preamble like a "Declaration of Independence" . . . by those who have never dared to think or to act.

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The New Books

Fiction

OUT OF THE WHIRLWIND. By William Thomas Walsh. McBride. 1935. $2.50.

The conviction of an innocent man for murder is the core upon which the plot of this modern novel is cast. Knowing this, the reader loses much of the suspense competently built up by William Thomas Walsh in this, his first novel. On finishing the book, which is a long one, the reader feels, however, that the story is not essentially that of an unfortunate prisoner but that of an ordinary individual going through an intense spiritual struggle. The Catholic Book Club did well in selecting this (their May issue) since it presents an engrossing picture of the different influences the Catholic Church has upon its various members, a picture that is by no means as complimentary as it is honest.

The pattern of the story is a simple one. It moves almost with predetermined regularity, but it is sustained with numerous events that are woven economically in true-to-life sequence. Most outstanding, in fact, is this true-to-life character of the book. The people are thoroughly convincing. Their actions click with probability even though their speech is not at all times in keeping with the quasi-authentic dialects they use. Settings are given in exceptionally accurate detail. There is the industrial section of an old New England town, its various waves of immigrants, their old world backgrounds, their hectic Americanization. Accurate, too, is the description of emotional and uneducated young people, chicanery of law, prison squalor, offices performed by the clergy. The keenness with which all this background is described gives evidence that Mr. Walsh has used to advantage his newspaper training. True though his characters appear, the author at times presumes too obviously upon their thoughts. An omniscient point of view is any writer's privilege, a useful and effective one. But used to excess as here, it tends to weaken the narrative.

R. M.

BANQUET FOR FURIES. By Harold Weston. Coward-McCann. 1935. $2.50.

The opening pages of Mr. Weston's novel are full of bombast and sinking ships and raging elements, and crowded with minutely described characters who are there like the servants in an old play simply to make comments on the yet unseen principal personages. One's first impression is of distaste at this almost forgotten type of melodrama where too much happens, and where every happening is sensational. But gradually it is borne in upon one that the book has a certain force.

Its central strength lies in the character of Marie Orr, from whose passion for power flow all the disastrous and complex happenings of the story. She is an arresting figure, strong and unscrupulous, with an evil intensity of will. There are moments when her intrigues succeed too smoothly for our belief, and moments when the author has drawn her with too melodramatic a touch, but on the whole she must be considered an unusual creation.

"Banquet for Furies" is a book which is good and bad all in a breath, a mingling of stormy strength and windiness, of claptrap and drama. There are moments of compact, telling description, such as a glimpse we are given of a drowning fisherman caught in his nets, "staring up . . . with the mesh across his face and a smudge of seaweed over his mouth," and again there are passages of overwritten melodrama. A good deal of the time, Mr. Weston displays a true sense of setting and character, and he tells a real story.

C. C.

THE WILD EARTH'S NOBILITY. By Frank Waters. Liveright. 1935. $2.50.

This is a novel of the West during the latter half of the nineteenth century; the scene is chiefly laid in Colorado, though one section follows one of the characters down toward the Mexican border. But it is not the cowboys-and-Indians romance that is generally meant by "a story of the old West"; it is the story of a family, the Rogiers, who happen to live in Colorado because they were ruined at home by the Civil War. There are Indians; in the beginning a raid by drunken Indians, and later the more sympathetic Indians of the Southwest. There are, too, the early gold rush and the later boom in silver. There is all the stock in trade of the usual Western novelist. But they are all seen as they affect the Rogiers. The gold rush is important to them because Sister Molly, who struggles all her life with a worthless husband, refuses to let him try gold-hunting with no knowledge of how to do it, but sets him up with a cart of fresh fruit to be sold in the mining camps; fruit is fetching fabulous prices, and the gold rush may be the thing which will at last give him a chance to make some money. And as far as depicting Colorado is concerned, the book is highly successful in its indirect method. It gives a surprising vividness and reality to the well-known episodes of Western development to see them only in relation to a matter-of-fact, provincial American family who have no desire to be romantic.

But the story of the Rogiers is less successful in itself. The book is a long one, divided into three parts, each of which has a different protagonist; it is almost a short trilogy bound in one volume. And it suffers from the inevitable tendency of trilogies to division of the interest, to diffuseness—in short, to taxing the reader's patience. The stories are uneven in value, and there is no central figure or theme sufficiently strong to hold the book together. One may guess that the author intended this part to be taken by the father of the family, Joseph Rogier, a kind, strong man, always carrying some one else's weight, a man so deeply in love with the earth that when silver is found his almost instinctive feeling for geology ought to make his fortune, yet who is left poor. Rogier is an impressive figure, but a little too cold, too much the bronze statue, to dominate the book; and the interest undeniably flags in many places. Still, this is a painstaking and worthy piece of work, which shows a new and undoubtedly authentic side of the West.

B. D.

Miscellaneous

SPENDERS ALL. By Ernest Greenwood. Appleton-Century. 1935. $2.

"Taxes are too much with us, late and soon"; such, in paraphrase, is the burden of Mr. Greenwood's tale. For the average citizen may not pay a penny to any Treasury, but no purchaser, however small, can escape the incidence of taxes imposed by governmental agencies, which now spend and lend one-third of the nation's gross income each year. At the present rate of expenditure, it seems all too likely that the meager eighteen to twenty billion dollars that cover the finances of all political divisions will reach astronomical proportions, for, in the last forty-odd years, the cost of the Federal government alone has risen ten times as fast as the population has increased.

Such conditions give serious grounds for heeding Mr. Greenwood's plea for or-

(*Continued on next page*)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
BLACK BELLE RIDES THE UPLANDS *Vingie E. Roe* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Western	She was a match for the best that ever forked a mustang or fanned a six-gun.	Terrific
BRUTE *Millard Ward* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Novel	Social career of a corn belt athlete, enrolled at Annapolis via the football route. He never quite understood.	First Rate
BLOW, DESERT WINDS *William Corcoran* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Western	Horse and gun yarn with refreshing departures of plot.	Good
IT'S A GREAT WORLD *Emilie Loring* (Penn: $2.)	Love Story	They married each other from pity, but return of his old flame proves it warn't.	Too, too sweet

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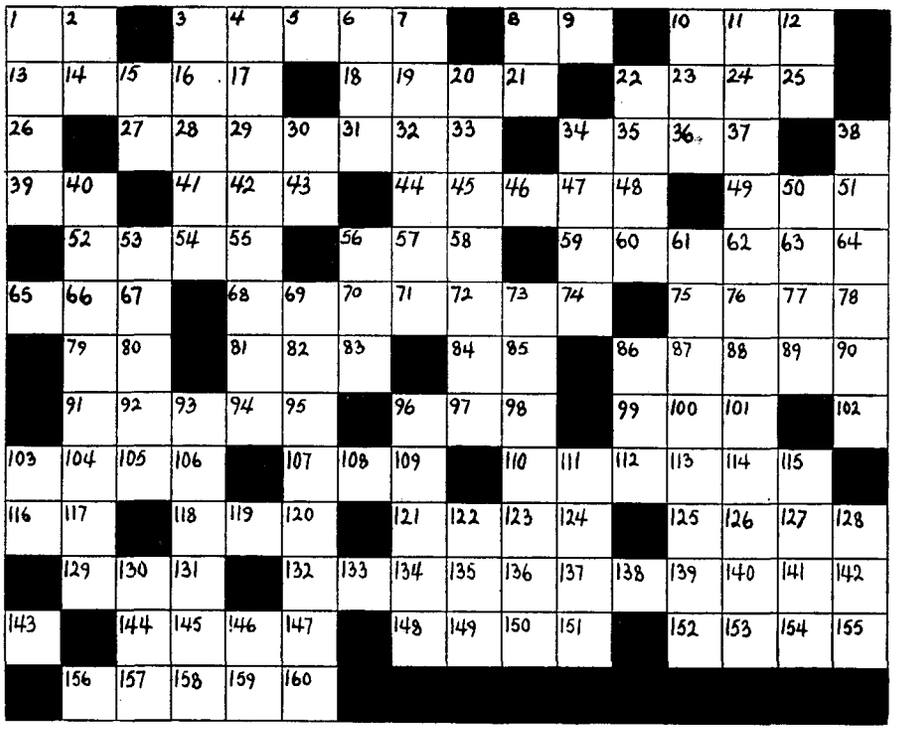
Double Crostics: No. 67

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find by reading (from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Provisional.

II. Fish allied to the cod.

III. Multiple copy paper (comp.).

IV. Where Hawthorne gathered mosses.

V. Novel by a Nobel Prize winner.

VI. Definite disclosure.

VII. Hacked, chopped.

VIII. Author of "Marjorie Daw."

IX. Historical play by Bulwer Lytton.

X. Hindrance, disadvantage.

XI. Part of an egg.

XII. Rough in manner, impolite.

XIII. The scene of "Hamlet."

XIV. English pioneer of coöperation in industry (1771-1858).

XV. To exude an odor.

XVI. Character in "Hamlet."

XVII. Pen name of a Victorian novelist.

XVIII. South American bird.

XIX. Priestly garment of the Old Testament.

XX. Regenerates.

XXI. Direction.

XXII. Bold, challenging.

XXIII. Inalienable.

XXIV. Greek personification of death.

XXV. A South African people.

WORDS

68 55 24 86 8 59 76 121 115

34 13 47 95

117 37 72 84 62 51 6 149 108

27 100 11 58 140

159 123 39 10 45 83 150 97 54 87

9 92 126 152 112 35 18 101

145 128 96 32

46 114 25 70 31 125 79

127 153 63 49 12 20 23 80 134

78 60 44 56 156 107 132 105

124 158 21 160

74 110 69 85 139

2 155 89 19 43 93 29 151

5 91 120 30

157 106 48 75

33 64 133 3 17

137 154 111 53 147

41 26 99 146 81

61 4 130 16 113

138 122 71 90 22 102

42 65 143 98

109 7 14 50 82 77 136

141 66 1 38 36 131 73 148

116 119 57 52 104 129 88 94

103 28 142 118 40 135 67 15 144

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ganization of associations to prevent waste of public monies and to keep appropriations within the taxpayers' ability to provide them. Yet the figures he cites are valid only within certain limits: nowhere is it mentioned that the amount of governmental activity per capita has doubled since 1900, nor is there any allusion to the changes in money values which have taken place since that time. The growth in the number of corporations and the *lower* total amount of taxes which they paid last year are not referred to, nor is that greatest of all direct levies on the consumer, the tariff, discussed at length.

It is, in fact, mostly for the consumers' interest that Mr. Greenwood is battling. It is somewhat surprising, therefore, to find him upholding the present status of electric utilities, defending the property rights of their stockholders, and arguing the extravagance of Federal projects. One may suspect that his book is addressed not only to the average man, but also to the business leader in search of profits and reduced costs, of which taxes are a goodly share. Nevertheless, despite some suggestion of class interest and a lack of general perspective, the book was patently intended as a stimulating view of national and local expenses, and such it certainly is.

R. G.

FELLOW CREATURES. By Charles D. Stewart. Little, Brown. 1935. $2.75.

Mr. Stewart's essays, written over a period of some thirty years, range from a naturalist's observations to philosophical discourses. The first chapter, "Belling a Fox," which describes the Wisconsin method of hunting a fox with a dinner bell, is a really fascinating story; the descriptions of insect behavior, of bulls and oxen, and of the acrobatic snakes, are uniformly interesting. Mr. Stewart draws on a rich store of memories in certain autobiographical essays—he has been an engraver, a deckhand, a mathematical exhibit in a dime museum. His philosophical observations on time, space, and life, which make up the last part of the book, are of more special appeal.

G. S.

BRINGING SHERLOCK HOME. By Lawrence Treat. New York: Heyday House. 1935. $1.50.

For those who are interested in detective stories, or puzzles, here are amusing games of observation and deduction. There are seven problems given ranging from locating a pocketbook's owner to who killed the lunch room patron. Each problem is given in an illustrated four page folder in which also is given a series of questions and, on the last page, the correct answers. In order to play the game at a party six folders come for each of the seven questions.

The publishers suggest that the winner may well be considered Sherlock himself, be entitled to wear a plaid cap, and to say, "Elementary, my dear Watson." A fear may be had that for the habitual readers of the methods of fictional detectives the problems may be somewhat ele-

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mentary but one or two of them would be material enough for many detective story writers to pad and fill the usual three hundred-page book. It may well be, on the other hand, that the less regular reader of the exploits of Holmes, Poirot, *et al*, will find himself quickly demoted from the detective squad to the uniformed force. To party hostesses these games will prove a boon, and after the games are finished will come an amusing hour of post mortems.

J. M.

Religion

PREFACE TO RELIGION. By Bernard Iddings Bell. Harpers. 1935. $1.75.

Dr. Bell is one of the most ardent and uncompromising adherents of the Catholic Party in the American Episcopal Church. Lafayette College, where he delivered this series of lectures, is a Protestant institution with Presbyterian traditions. Dr. Bell, with full knowledge of the delicate nature of his task, is determined to be generous with his hearers, and yet honest in the frank expression of his own convictions. To this dual responsibility he commits himself in these words:

> The approach is entirely objective. The lecturer has no missionary motives. He literally does not care, for the purposes of this series of talks, whether his hearers are Christians, Jews, devotees of black magic, agnostics, or infidels. . . He has no desire to convert anybody to anything.

The psychologist detects in this inclusive disdain of religious beliefs an emotional charge that is strangely out of place in a scholarly "objective approach." Dr. Bell's title, we suspect, was suggested by Walter Lippmann's "A Preface To Morals." But one must not seek here a preface to universal religion. What will be found is, A Preface to Catholic Christianity.

Business psychology would classify these lectures as clever general advertising of one's own products, in the territory of a strong rival. They will warm the soul of every catholic, Roman, Greek, or Anglican. But in them Dr. Bell has rendered a far greater service to Protestantism than to Catholicism. He has made accessible in simple, understandable form, a very luminous statement of the modern Catholic Movement. Protestants will do well to read this book, and ponder seriously his clear presentation of their interpretation of the real religious values upon which historic Christianity is founded.

A. C. W.

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CHINESE PROVERB: If a horse gets no wild grass he never becomes fat; if a man does not receive lucky help he never becomes rich—I am seeking a $20,000 personal loan; details on request. . . . Yes! I wrote the novel BACHELOR'S DAUGHTER recently published by DORRANCE. Hubert Madere, Hahnville, Louisiana.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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SELL YOUR DRAWINGS, cartoons, designs. Market bulletin, 20c. Artists' Bureau, Parkville, Missouri.

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WAYLAND WILES WILLIAMS—Harcourt, Brace are publishing this fall an anthology of poems first published in **The New Yorker.** Wish include your poem "Brownstone." Will you kindly communicate with them?

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JOIN interesting vacation group, week-ends or longer. Reasonable. Box 570-A.

ARE THERE any members of La Societe Vingt et Cinq? Box 571-A.

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COOL AND QUIET HILLS—Limited number cultured guests in restful secluded home. Sixty acre estate. Wooded hills, wide view, spacious porches, excellent library. Thoughtful attention to individual needs. Twenty miles northwest of Baltimore. Box 25, Reisterstown, Md. Phone Reisterstown 40-F-2.

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PERSONALS

WHISTLER'S BOYHOOD HOME is for sale. A fine old residence built in 1787; excellent water view. H. S. Babcock, Stonington, Conn.

WANTED—Starbuck, Alexander. Hist. of the Amer. whale fishery. Waltham, Mass., author, 1878, in good condition. State price. Jessie T. Craven, Nantucket, Mass.

COMPANION AND SOCIAL SECRETARY to lady; middle-aged widow; refined, educated, willing to travel. Address Mrs. Edward Wegmann, 41 Greystone Park, Yonkers, N. Y.

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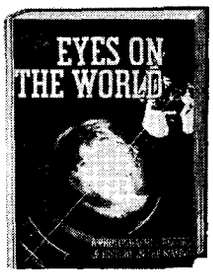


EYES ON THE WORLD

". . . historians of the future will not have to guess . . ."

The embarrassment involved in writing about a book by one's best friend is exceeded only by the pleasure in doing it. With this in mind, Your Correspondent asks the reader of this column to disregard as much as possible that what follows is written by SIMON about SCHUSTER.

The fact is that *Eyes On The World*, subtitled *A Photographic Record of History in the Making* has just been published. It is edited by M. LINCOLN SCHUSTER. Edited is a somewhat vague word, and grows more vague as applied to this book, into which have gone three years of research and structural planning, by which the reader of today can best visualize, and the historian of the future reconstruct, the world we live in.

The aim of *Eyes On The World* is to provide a photographic record of the year 1934 and the first half of 1935, and, within the limits of a new and experimental technique, to suggest the background of what is ahead of us all in the years ahead. To achieve this aim (which in Your Correspondent's somewhat biased opinion has been successfully accomplished) it has been necessary to do far more than assemble the best photographs of news events of our recent times. It has been necessary to arrange and interpret (through captions, sub-captions, sequences, headlines from magazines and newspapers) the truth that lies in a photographic lens when it is handled by an artist. Thus is the past recaptured, the significant present made clear, and the onrushing future suggested.

In *Eyes On The World* the reader will find not only the work of our great photographers, the BOURKE-WHITES, ANTON BRUEHLS, JAMES ABBES, PIERRE VERGERS, but the work of countless anonymous photographers who have been on the spot to see and record "what history looks like when she is being poured red hot from the ladle."

To these photographers, known and unknown, and to the editor, Your Correspondent is grateful for what is to him the most exciting book of the year.

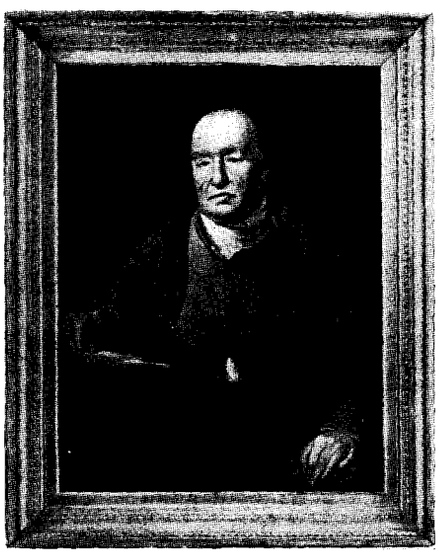
ESSANDESS

2

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

QUERCUS is interested to note that Harold Hill, the alert bookseller of 9 Saville Row, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, has discovered a seemingly unrecorded portrait of Ben Franklin by Gilbert Stuart. Hill gives an excellent photo of it in his recent catalogue of Americana; he says it's in perfect unrestored condition, canvas 40 x 30. Our reproduction herewith is unfair to a



remarkable painting. ☞Lovers of sailing and sports afloat will be pleased with *Learning to Cruise* by H. A. Calahan (Macmillan, $3) which discusses the problems of small-boat living and handling. It is practical and humorous, and reprints (what poor Quercus is too bashful to copy here) the famous poem by C. Peterkin "An Ocean-Going Art"—viz. instructions to landlubbers for flushing nautical plumbing. This has long been a favorite among watermen and many a Long Island Sound yachtsman will be pleased to see it in available print.

☞In a package of Old King Cole tobacco put out by B. Wasserman, 79 Madison Avenue, N. Y., we find a small leaflet announcing "The Pipe Smoker's Creed"—"A lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire." Should this not be accredited to our old friend Salvation Yeo in Kingsley's *Westward Ho?* We think Mr. Wasserman should go to some bookshop and buy a copy of the book.

☞We have recently received the annual *Helen and Warren Guidelet to Europe* which lists European hotels and restaurants approved by those syndicated wanderers. We notice that in Oxford they have not discovered (very few people ever have) the one hotel most worth going to: the one which Shakespeare probably visited, one of the few genuinely unspoiled old coaching inns. Many people have lived in Oxford for years and walked by it hundreds of times without noticing it—yet there it is.

☞S. N. L. of San Diego, Calif., ejaculates: "Be certain sure to read *Southeast of Zamboanga* by Vic Hurley, Dutton. By all that I learned of that country in my years of batting around, it's about the finest thing ever done on that phase of our national enterprise, or lack of it. Moreover, it is fascinating reading. You can charge this to the bundle of Bushmills you toted into my room at the St. Francis, and which had most of San Francisco knocking at my door before your ferry had reached Oakland."

☞This gives Old Q. a sigh of nostalgia for his brief visit to the Golden West and the good old days of prohibition, when Drink was an adventure.

☞A friendly reader in Kansas City who like ourselves has been annoyed by silverfish in her books sends us an agreeable lyric:

I so abhor the silverfish
Who dines on books and such,
I find it in my heart to wish
He'd eat one book too much.
I'd like his hateful occupation
To further his extermination.

DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON.

☞Quercus is interested in the Wagner-McLaughlin bill, passed in Congress last week, incorporating the American National Theatre and Academy. The list of incorporators, headed by Leopold Stokowski, is impressive. It is too soon to speculate about the Theatre's possibilities. The purposes include "productions of the highest type," stimulation of public interest in the drama, and the establishment of a dramatic school.

We wonder if Senator Wagner or Congressman McLaughlin ever read Shaw's *Dark Lady of the Sonnets*, in which Shakespeare gives Queen Elizabeth an eloquent argument for the establishment of a national theatre. As we remember it, the argument was for a nationally endowed institution, which would come under the head of boondoggling. Any boondoggling contemplated in the present bill is apparently left to private enterprise; the American Theatre is merely "authorized to receive by devise, bequest, donation or otherwise, either real or personal property." It is also to be non-profit making, though what will happen if the Theatre accidentally makes a profit is not specified.

☞Possibly inspired by the titles of recent novels by Thomas Wolfe, James Boyd, and Robert Rylee, Farrar and Rinehart announce a series of non-fiction books under the head of "The Rivers of America," edited by Constance Lindsay Skinner. The first four books will be written by Carl Carmer, Stephen Vincent Benét, Mrs. Skinner, and Du Bose Heyward. All American rivers of historical significance will be covered. ☞Viking Press reports that the latest collection of Erskine Caldwell's stories, "Kneel to the Rising Sun," has sold over 3500 copies. All the Southern reviews have been enthusiastic, and Atlanta reports the book as a best-seller.

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